

# HARPER'S WEEKLY

EDITED BY GEORGE HARVEY



# Official Recognition of The Pianola By Emperor William

*His Majesty Issues a Royal Warrant of Appointment to the President of The Aeolian Company*

**T**HIS distinguished honor follows the purchase of a Weber Pianola Piano by Emperor William two years ago. The instrument was installed in the Royal Palace in Berlin upon His Majesty's express command. A few days later word was received that he desired to retain the Pianola Piano permanently and had ordered that a bill be sent.

The Court of Prussia is one of the most conservative in all Europe in respect to the issuing of Royal Appointments. It is altogether impossible for a firm which does not actually deserve this honor to obtain it. His Majesty's action is therefore a most important and signal recognition of the Pianola's merits.

It is known that the Kaiser is accustomed to play the Pianola Piano with much enthusiasm and delight, and that furthermore his appreciation is shared by the other members of the Royal Household. It is customary not to issue an Appointment sooner than five years after a purchase. That the President of The Aeolian Company was accorded this honor within two years after a Pianola Piano had passed into His Majesty's possession is the best evidence of the complete satisfaction which it has given to its eminent owner.

## *Always, it is The Pianola*

Whenever you hear of important honors being awarded to a Piano-player, whether by Royalty, by great musicians or by leading educational institutions, you will find upon investigation it is *always the Pianola* that is so distinguished. The reason lies in the pronounced superiority of the Pianola, both musically and mechanically, a condition which causes it to be recognized throughout the entire world as *the standard* instrument of its kind.

**THE AEOLIAN COMPANY, AEOLIAN HALL, 362 Fifth Ave., New York**

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## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FROM A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT

THIS PORTRAIT WAS PAINTED AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, IN THE SUMMER OF 1850, BY GEORGE FREDERICK WRIGHT, ONE OF THE FIRST ARTISTS TO PAINT LINCOLN. IT REPRESENTS MR. LINCOLN IN THE OPEN, WITH A STORM BREAKING. HE HOLDS A ROPE WITH UNFOLDING STANCES, SYMBOLIC OF THE DISMEMBERED UNION. THE PICTURE IS OWNED BY JOHN STANTON PALMER, OF STURINGTON, CONNECTICUT.

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## Comment

## Lincoln

One of the delightful things about LINCOLN was his freedom from sentiment. He never got out of his boots. He lived his life simply and naturally, thought out and spoke the thought that was in him, did the work he found to do, and let his example shift for itself. By consequence it is one of the great examples, one of the great inspirations, of human history.

It is fit to encourage any one in his opinion of humankind that humanity loves LINCOLN as it does. He was not pretty, not handsome, not careful, not originally refined, not accomplished in the matters that belong to what is known as liberal education. There never was a humbler hero nor one less embellished with decorative endowment of any kind. But the great heart of humanity and the great heart of LINCOLN are two that beat as one. Just now on the hundredth anniversary of his birth there is an exceptional volume of writing about him. There will be less about him in print for some time to come—a little less—and then the steady current of LINCOLN literature will flow on again. His story, and his stories, are always being told, and then told over again and over, with such variations or inventions as the busy minds of the writers for the public press are able to supply. Really, we Americans live to go back all the way to King David to find an historical character of equal popularity. And the basis of popularity in both men is the same—they were both so invincibly human! Our Abraham was a much less faulty man than David, far better controlled and regulated, but they were alike in that they were both great captains with great and gentle hearts, putting their trust in the Lord, drawing all men into them, striving unconquerable through difficulties, dangers, reverses and misdeeds to victory, and leaving behind them and a sure place in the love of mankind.

And they both joined the gift of articulate expression to the gift of effectual action. DAVID played the lute, and was accounted good at it. If LINCOLN had ever learned to play the fiddle, there was that in him that would doubtless have got out of a fiddle somewhat of what it held. DAVID lifted up his voice, and the sound of it still endures among the treasures of living language. A few short deliveries of LINCOLN have sufficed to enthrone him among the masters of human speech. Scholars dissect his letters and speeches to discover the secret of his style, and wonder where he learned his use of words. Who taught DAVID? Who taught HOMER? Who taught SHAKESPEARE? LINCOLN had the same answer. His wireless caught voices from the same sources. The common technique of expression he had learned and in a good school. He learned to read, and read the Bible and Shakespeare; he learned to speak, and spoke so as to persuade. He learned to know words and how to use them, and when his mind thought great thoughts and his heart felt what a great heart can feel, the little, humble, common words shaped themselves forth for him in forms of simple majesty. It was art; oh yes, a little art, but all but lost in the splendid current of inspiration. It is not LINCOLN's words that make his great poems great, but the truths that are behind them, the same tone in the Gettysburg address, in the

letter to Mrs. Barry, in portions of his great addresses. How the tone gets behind the words is a question that belongs, not to rhetoric, but to magic. Somehow, what is in the mind and in the heart can be put into words, but the doing of it greatly in so rare and so inexpressible to be a kind of miracle that leaves the doctors of letters perplexed and dumb.

God gave him understanding. When all is said of LINCOLN, it comes to that. They tell us that his four years' study of campaigning made him a great master of the art of one. He was a lawyer, a politician, a leader, a statesman; the balance of his faculties was always maintained; his sense of proportion and of values was never amiss. He knew men and understood their relations to one another, both what they were and what they should be. That is all. He understood, and used his understanding for unselfish ends.

## All Doubts Dispelled

The report comes from Panama that the engineers designated by President ROOSEVELT to advise Mr. TAYLOR about the canal approach the long question which they recommended originally. Their verdict was based upon an exhaustive examination consuming, as near as we can make out, about half a day. Mr. TAYLOR benevolently acquiesced and, in a speech to the Red Cross Society, announced that ships would pass from Panama to San before January 1, 1915. So that settles that.

## The Anti-Japanese Agitation

Up to this writing conservative influences in California have availed to defeat all anti-Japanese legislation, and seem likely to continue to that purpose to the end. Governor GILLETTE is opposed to all of the anti-Japanese bills, and would use his veto if any of them should come to him. The anti-alien land bill and those prohibiting aliens from being directors of corporations and restricting them in real-estate districts are the capital of boards of supervisors have, so far, failed to pass either house of the California Legislature, though the vote on the latter bill in the Lower House was close. The separate-school bill, called by President ROOSEVELT "the most offensive of all," passed the Lower House on February 11th, 46 to 35. It is doubtful that this measure cannot pass the California Senate, and it is in no danger of becoming a law. Nevertheless, since it is the expression in a new form of the same purpose that made trouble two years ago, when it was under advisement by the Board of Education of San Francisco, it is worth looking over in its present form. The bill reads:

Section 1262 of the political code is hereby amended so as to read as follows:

W. 1262—Every school, unless otherwise provided by law, must be open for the admission of all children between six and twenty-one years of age residing in the district, and the Board of School Trustees of City Board of Education have power to admit adults and children not residing in the district, whenever good reasons exist therefor. Trustees shall have the power to segregate children of filthy or vicious habits or children suffering from contagion or infectious diseases and also to establish separate schools for Indian children or for children of Mongolian or Japanese or Chinese descent. When such separate schools are established, Indian, Chinese, Japanese, or Mongolian children must not be admitted into any other school, private or public, in any city and town in which the district has been adopted or may hereafter be adopted as part of the public primary schools, children may be admitted to such kindergarten classes at the age of four years, and provided further, that in cities or school districts in which separate classes have been heretofore established for the purpose of instruction of the deaf, children may be admitted to such classes at the age of three years.

Of the proposals contemplated in this bill, President ROOSEVELT said in a message, two years ago, that:

...that those (the Japanese) out from the common sense is a wise expediency, when there are first-class colleges in the land, including the University and College of California, which do not gladly welcome Japanese students, and in which Japanese students do not select credit.

Senator PERKINS of California does not consider the proposed law wicked, but gives temperate expression to the local sentiment in California about it, as follows:

The people of California, in their attempt to secure the Japanese entrance to their schools, do not desire to do anything that will disrupt general treaty policies with Japan. The question is to whether the Japanese should be admitted to the universities of the State should be left, in my opinion, to the school boards and the regents of the colleges. In the higher schools the higher schools, at least, do not think there has been or would be in the future any objection to having Japanese students.

In the lower schools, however, the objection has been

that there were often Japanese children made older than the American children, and the former often kept back the latter because they knew little English and had to learn the language. The people of California are right on the question. The right to furnish separate schools for Japanese, as well as for other Asians, should be given to the individual school authorities of the State as a policy provision.

## The School Questions

The fact that the same legislative body that rejected the anti-alien land bill and the other anti-Japanese bill, passed the separate-school bill, indicates that the California legislators have no forcible convictions about this bill. If one accepts Senator PERKINS' statement of the case, it is impossible not to sympathize with them. If the Japanese scholars are so old or so backward in the English language as not to make advantageous grade pupils for the American children, they ought to go to separate schools, and that could probably be managed if it did not incidentally involve the classification of the Japanese with the "Mongolians." To that classification they made strong objection, denying that they are "Mongolians," and claiming a different and much more advanced knowledge of the Chinese than that of the Chinese, Koreans, and other Asiatic nations. Certainly Japanese contempt for "Mongolians" in California cannot be allowed to become the basis of a serious difference between two great and polite nations, both tolerably well furnished with wise people. We presume the school troubles and all other troubles will go over this time, and where they are practical and pressing will be adjusted or cured somehow by school boards or subordinate officials. But the disposition of the Pacific States to protect themselves from Oriental barbarians by segregation is a large subject that is likely to compel attention from wise minds for a good many years to come.

## We Humbly Decline the Invitation

The following letter comes to the WEEKLY from Cleveland:

DEAR SIRS:—As you probably know, we intend to make the What-Would-You-Do movement world-wide. This is a great idea, and we seek your co-operation in making it a success.

An "International What-Would-You-Do Committee" was formed in Cleveland, Ohio, on the first and third Sundays in March, with the two weeks intervening, have been set aside for the international What-Would-You-Do movement. Hereafter the first Sunday in every year, the anniversary of the beginning of the movement in Cleveland, will be known as "Its Day." On that day, when great mass meetings of reformation and reconstruction will be held through the English-speaking world. The movement will be permanent, lasting, and new members being added constantly. Over two thousand Cleveland young people have already become life members.

It is an open invitation to all Christians to join with the one Perfect Example, now so obscured by the tangle of creeds, doctrines, theologies, and isms that crumblers us.

Will you aid us by notifying the movement editorially? If you desire, I should be glad to prepare a personal article on the movement, describing the events of its inception, some serious, some humorous, its wonderful growth in Cleveland, the criticisms that have been heaped, and especially the experiences of the young people who entered the trial.

Earnestly hoping that you may be able to help us in this great work.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM D. PAIR,  
 Organizer and Pastor of W. C. Committee.

If our friend in Cleveland will excuse us, we will leave the considerable undertaking he mentions in the hands in which it now reposes. As a secular paper, not to say profane, the WEEKLY feels very imperfectly competent to assist in instructing multitudes of eager persons, mostly young, as to what details of conduct would conform, or not conform, with the inspiring example the influence of which it is the purpose of the movement to strengthen and exhort. Christianity is a spirit, we take it, and not a code. Not only different individuals, but different communities, feel its inspiration differently. We guess there are a good many details in which Christian conduct in New York would diverge from Christian conduct in Cleveland, and if we undertook to spread, not only in this neighborhood, but throughout the very wide region into which the WEEKLY is sent, the requirements of Christian duty and conduct, we know we should get into trouble right away, and become an arena for dispute over countless matters like the details of Sunday-keeping, church-going, prayer-meetings, the use of alcohol and tobacco (especially cigarettes), the maximum of permissible profits in business, and other concerns of like

character. The wonderful sagacity of the Founder of Christianity is in nothing more apparent than in what He did not do and did not say, and in His avoidance of specific directions for regulating in detail the conduct of life. We do not feel competent ourselves to give such directions by wholesale, and would even be loath to endorse beforehand the qualifications of our Ohio brethren for a task that calls for so delicate and profound a judgment. No doubt it is a narrow-minded bigotry that makes so many outsiders feel that they prefer the Galilee edition of Christianity to any that is likely to be published from Cleveland, Ohio, but so it is, and with this as with other human errors we must be patient, until as true as Wisdom shall have perfected her work, and all good people see all things alike.

#### Sanguine Expectations

MR. TAFT even hopes that the canal will be finished before the expiration of his term of office.—*Washington Dispatch*.

Make it terms of office. It gives hope a more substantial foundation.

#### Minnesota Continues Wet

County option was beaten in the Minnesota Legislature on February 4th by a vote of 44 to 73. The State has a head-onship law applying to certain districts and towns, and voters declined to go farther. Minnesota lies pretty far north, and considerations of latitude may enter into its feelings on the liquor question. It also has a large Scandinavian population that is used to northerly habits of life. Alcohol is less harmful to human life in cold climates than in warm ones, or so the doctors say, though the W. C. T. U. would doubtless prefer to admit that it is less harmful anywhere. Moreover, the letter and more responsible is the population of any State the less is its need of stringent liquor laws. If Minnesota is less excited about liquor laws than some other States in her neighborliness and elsewhere, it is fair to infer that she has reason to be.

#### Direct Nominations Opposed

It is not plain selling yet in the direct primary-nominations idea which finds so persistent a champion in Governor HUGHES. Mr. Root is counted against it by his neighbors, and he is opposed to the popular election of Senators, which is usually found in the same group of political wants as the direct-nomination proposal. Mr. Root, however, explicitly declined to express an opinion about direct nominations. President SEYMOUR of Cornell frankly opposes it. Speaking at Utica, on February 4th, on "Some Public Reforms," he said handsome things of Governor HUGHES and the reforms he has advocated, but went on to say:

When, however, we come to the question of direct primary nominations we see more in an entirely different complexion. If it is no longer a question of expediency for the right, of regard for the Constitution, or of loyalty to great political principles. Whether the people of New York shall adopt the new system of primary nominations is a mere question of expediency. It is a question in which there may be difference of opinions, not only between parties, but within the same party. The whole issue concerns merely the working of a piece of political machinery. Only parties can reveal how the proposed system of direct nominations would work.

For himself, President SEYMOUR doubts that the change proposed is expedient. He said that in a month's journey through the West as far as San Francisco he had talked about it with representative men—Governors, legislators, judges, and the like—both in States where the direct-nominations system had been adopted, and in States where it was not in use, with the result that he was sceptical of the wisdom of adopting such a system in New York. His opinion will carry weight because it will seem to be thoughtful, intelligent, and disinterested.

Presher WATSON's views will be discounted for what bearing the requirements of practical politics may be supposed to have on them. Nevertheless, they are intelligent, and the views of the practical politician deserve attention. In a speech at the Luncheon Dealers' dinner in Albany the Speaker argued that among the direct primaries large centers of population would have an advantage. In Erie County the city of Buffalo could gobble up all the offices without consideration for the rural voters.

Under the direct-nominations plan the Tammany organization in the Borough of Manhattan could, for year and years to come, hold the thread of the Democratic party of the Greater City of New York, and could nominate and control the entire city ticket, with perhaps good and then a Brooklyn Democrat

succeeding in getting his name on the election ballot. Where would the people of the Boroughs of the Bronx, Richmond and of Richmond be and the Bronx, Republicans and Democrats alike, they would be absolutely and inevitably swamped.

Governor HUGHES is highly competent to discuss this bugaboo which the Speaker conjures up, and will do so, no doubt, and we shall see how much is left of it when he gets through. Less valuable seem these observations with which the Speaker wound up his remarks:

Take my word for it, the greatest fallacy which advocates of direct primary nominations believe in is that this proposed system will do away with party leaders or so-called bosses. It will not do away with them. The desire and necessity for leadership is inherent in human nature. People accept it and follow it implicitly as long as it is honest. When it ceases to be so they turn and read it. Under the direct nominations system the influence of the boss would continue to control while his public responsibility would cease.

We do not see that as things are now the boss's sense of public responsibility opposes him very seriously, but it is possible that it might weigh somewhat less on him under the system proposed. To beat the devil round the stump is an imperfectly effectual way to get rid of him. To keep him running is some gain, but he is apt, like the lung of poetry, to get there all the same.

#### Nevada's Nerves More Calm

The Senate of the powerful State of Nevada, with its population of 42,335 souls, including Chinamen, Indians, Mongolians, and Japanese, is reported at this writing to have tabled the Duncan resolution of the Nevada Assembly asking for a war fleet in the Pacific, and referring to the Japanese as "a menace to America's peace." We applaud this action. Why should Nevada worry? Most of its valuable property is deep underground and can only be detached by blasting powder. Invaders could not spare time to get it out. If they did get some of it out, Nevada would be little the worse off, since ever since the State began business, felts resident elsewhere have been getting metals out of her mountains and taking them away, and of all who have done so, only one has ever sent anything back to benefit her. That is what a missionary from Nevada said the other day, and he added that the one mine-owner who had remembered Nevada to her benefit was CLARENCE MCKAY. At any rate, Nevada need not worry. If the Japanese should so very soon, her population can always climb a tree.

#### All the World is Scared

It is a pleasure to commend the composing example of the Nevada Senate to London, which is reported to be vociferous with sudden fright over the possibility of the invasion of England by the East Angles. The cable despatches say that all the croakings of all the British House has suddenly taken effect under the stimulus of a new play called *An Englishman's Home*, which has awakened the people to a realization of what war might mean. It is strange. Every considerable country in Christendom, including our own, is running in debt for the means of defence. Great Britain, Germany, Russia, France, Belgium, and Holland are facing deficits for war and navy expenditures, and Spain has just ordered a forty-million-dollar navy from England. It is time that flying-machines come along and that the impossible, since it is the only thing so expensive as to be incompatible with life.

#### She Says True

"Too much is hidden," says Miss MAY GARNER. A great text, from which a thousand profitable sermons might be preached.

#### Our National Nerve-cure

Credit the *Evening Post* with an interesting and optimistic soliloquy. Contemplating the trouper behavior of all hands on the *Republic* and the *Florida*, the sensible deportment of the audiences that walked safely out of three burning theatres in the country within a year, and the cold-blooded usefulness of the Russian sailors at the front, the concluding thought is that the croakings of neurologists, human nerves were probably never so steady as they are now, it inquires:

Is it because the yellow journal has so habituated the race to cataclysms that men face the red event as calmly as they do the imaginary ones in the scare-

Maybe that is one important reason. Something

like what the cold bath has done for the Englishman and the hot bath for the Japanese, it may be the function of the scare-head newspaper to do for the American. To be used to shock is to disregard it.

#### Bad Books for Children

There passed away recently an old lady of eighty-one who doubtless had available and breakable qualities, but who managed to create and to perpetuate beyond the average length allowed a mortal one of the most objectionable legends of juvenile fiction. MARTHA FOLEY was eighty-one when she died; she was forty when she gave to the world her long-lived heroine, Elsie Dinwiddie, and from that year we read Elsie's various experiences of life to the extent of something more than thirty volumes. Elsie's career began at the age of seven, and her first serious and deliberate undertaking in this role of tears was to convert her worldly father to her own views of what was right and fitting. Her father was a moral man, but he would on occasion read the newspapers or indulge in worldly conversation with his neighbor, Mr. Day. Elsie at seven had pronounced and firmest principles on all such matters, and she suffered untold miseries over her father's shortcomings, and determined at whatever cost to herself to "steer him into the Kingdom," as an old negro grandchild would have said. She often tried to turn his mind to serious matters; she set him an example of the most meticulous hygiene, but all through the first volume and well into the second this prodigious parent insisted upon thinking himself as capable of judging of right and wrong as his infant daughter. There was also a young, unmarried Aunt Estelle, whose blippancy and worldliness are used as a foil to set off the righteousness of the pious infant. Elsie is expected by her father to sing a song on the Sabbath, but such is her fortitude that she sits on the piano-stool and gracefully and she faints away rather than give in, and she is finally brave unswerving from the room by a Mr. Trevilla (we have to trust our memory for names), who in an ensuing volume has the hardihood to become Elsie's husband. Elsie is finally reduced to fever and nervous exhaustion, and her refractory parent, and is at point of death, having still exhibited him in delirium, when finally his heart is touched, he is converted. Elsie recovers and goes on her way preaching and converting to the end of her creator's life. There is no doubt that the writer of these heavily-laden, quite unattractive, and very intentions, and was herself the victim of a moment and mistaken ideal. It is sad, none the less, to think that these objectionable little books should still fill the shelves of many public libraries in small towns, and, worse, should circulate from Sunday-school libraries. The healthy and moral qualities in them have no subtle attraction for children who have not laid fair advantages, and nothing could be more unwholesome than the irreverence, the stupidity of these volumes.

#### Does the World Improve?

Casting doubt on the optimistic suggestion that the world is getting better, a correspondent writes:

Up in a century and a half ago there were no such things as slums and slum life. Inevitably and solidly increased yearly, the mean and sordid and the enormous agony—thinking till the misery of it gets beyond control. There is less beauty, real beauty, beauty, the impossible, since it is the only thing so expensive as to be incompatible with life. Middle Ages. Nothing as wonderful as the Cathedral of Chartres could be built today—there is no one to conceive it, no one to build it, no one to carry out the conception. The differences of the distinctions between great wealth and great poverty has never been so great as now. The progress I can see is a progress in physical comfort, railroad trains, electric lights, automobiles, and pavements, and these unless the spirit of man. We have no building like the great cathedrals or Venetian palaces, no sculpture to compare with the Greek or Roman, no poetry like Shakespeare and Dante. I don't believe we're progressing half as much as you think. We're just building around the old nucleus, a lot of racket, but the results are mainly vulgar, cheapness, noise and haste, and indistinctly bad taste everywhere.

The perfection of art is not the measure of the progress of civilization. Art has less value than when folks do very ill. The bitterness between wealth and poverty is nothing in this country to what it is in Europe, and it is in this country that the march of progress is best measured. Taste in twenty-five years has improved here enormously in twenty-five years. Venice is afflicted by pirates with their loot. Last method is frowned upon in these days.





# Lincoln's Last Hours

By Charles A. Leale, M.D.

THIS DETAILED NARRATIVE OF THE ASSASSINATION AND DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN, WHICH IS HERE PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME, WAS WRITTEN BY THE SURGEON WHO WAS THE FIRST TO MINISTER TO HIM AND WHO REMAINED UNINTERRUPTEDLY AT HIS SIDE TO THE END

**A**t the historic moment in Washington, when the remains of President Lincoln were being taken from the White House to the Capitol, a carriage immediately preceding the entourage was assigned to me. Outside were the crowds, the martial music, but inside the carriage I was plunged in deep self-communion, until aroused by a rattle tap at the window of my carriage door. An officer of high rank put his head inside and exclaimed, "Dr. Leale, I would rather have done what you did to prolong the life of the President than to have accomplished my duties during the entire war." I shrink back at what he said, and for the first time realized the importance of it



FORD'S THEATRE IN TENTH STREET, WASHINGTON, IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS SHOT ON GOOD-FRIDAY NIGHT, APRIL 14, 1865, BY JOHN WILLIAMS BOWEN

all. As soon as I returned to my private office in the hospital, I drew down the window-silks, locked the door, threw myself prostrate on the bare wood floor, and asked for advice. The answer came as distinctly as if spoken by a human being present—"Forget it all! I visited our Surgeon-General, Joseph K. Barnes, and asked his advice; he also said, 'Cast it from your memory.'"

On April 17, 1865, a New York newspaper reporter called at my army tent. I invited him in, and expressed my desire to forget all the recent and events, and to occupy my mind with the exciting present and plans for the future. Recently, however, several of our companions expressed the conviction that history now demands, and that it is my duty to give, the detailed facts of Lincoln's death as I knew them, and in compliance with that view I have prepared this paper on the subject.

One of the most cruel wars in the history of the world had utterly closed.

The people of the United States were rejoicing at the prospect of peace and returning happiness. President Lincoln, after the surrender of General Robert E. Lee, visited Richmond, Virginia, exposing himself to great danger, and on his return delivered an address from the balcony of the White House.

It was then a commissioned officer in the Medical Department of the United States Army, having been appointed from my native State, New York, and was on duty as surgeon in charge of the wounded commissioned officers' ward at the United States Army General Hospital, Army Square, Washington, D. C., where my professional duties were of the greatest importance and required constant and arduous attention. For a brief relief and a few moments in the fresh air, I started one evening for a short walk on Pennsylvania Avenue. There were crowds walking toward the President's residence. These I followed, and arrived just at the commencement of President Lincoln's last public address to his people. From where I stood I could distinctly hear every word he uttered, and I was profoundly impressed with his divine appearance as he stood in the rays of light which penetrated the windows of the White House.

The influence thus produced gave me an intense desire again to behold his face and study the characteristics of the "Savior of his Country." Therefore, on the evening of April 14, 1865, after the completion of my daily hospital duties, I told my ward master that I would be absent for short time. As a very large number from the Army stationed near

Washington frequently visited the city, a general order was in force that none should be there without a special pass; and all wearing uniform and out at night were subject to frequent challenge. To avoid this inconvenience, officers stationed in Washington generally removed all signs of their calling when of duty. I changed to civilian's dress and hurried to Ford's Theatre, where I had been told President Lincoln, General Grant, and members of the Cabinet were to be present to see the play, "Ivanhoe." I arrived late at the theatre, at 8:15 p.m., and requested a seat in the orchestra, where I could view the occupants of the President's box, which, on looking into the theatre, I saw had been beautifully decorated with American flags in honor of the occasion. As the building was crowded, the last place vacant was in the dress circle. I was greatly disappointed, but accepted this seat, which was near the front on the same side and about forty feet from the President's box, and soon became interested in the pleasing play.

Suddenly there was a cheering welcome, and the acting ceased temporarily out of respect to the entering Presidential party. Many in the audience rose to their feet in enthusiasm and vociferously cheered while looking around. Turning, I saw in the aisle a few feet behind me, President Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, Major Rathbone, and Miss Harris. Mrs. Lincoln smiled very happily in acknowledgment of the loyal greeting, gracefully curtsied several times, and seemed to be overflowing with good cheer and thankfulness. I had the best opportunity to see distinctly the full face of the President, as the light shone directly upon him. After he had waited a few feet he stopped for a moment, looked upon the people he loved, and acknowledged their salutations with a solemn bow. His face was perfectly stoical; his deep-set eyes gave him a pathetically and appealing expression. The audience seemed to be enthusiastically cheerful, yet he looked peculiarly sorrowful, as he slowly walked with lowered head and drooping shoulders toward the box. I was looking at him as he took his last walk. The memory of that scene has never been effaced. The party was preceded by a special usher, who opened the door of the box, stood to one side, and, after all had entered, closed the door and took a seat outside, where he could guard the entrance to the box.

The play was resumed and my attention was concentrated on the stage, until I heard a disturbance at the door of the President's box. With many others I looked in that direction and saw a man endeavoring to persuade the reluctant usher to admit him. He had been successful in gaining an entrance, after which the door was closed and the usher resumed his place.

A few moments all was quiet and the play again held my attention, until suddenly the report of a pistol was heard, and a short time after I saw a man in military leaping from the President's box to the stage, brandishing in his hand a drawn dagger. His spur caught in the American flag festooned in front of the box, causing him to stumble when he struck the stage, and he fell on his hands and knees. He quickly regained the erect posture, how-



THE HOUSE OPPOSITE BOWNE'S THEATRE TO WHICH LINCOLN WAS BORN, AND IN WHICH HE DIED NINE HOURS LATER WITHOUT REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS

ever, and hopped across the stage, flourishing his dagger, exclaiming the stage-forsaken words, "The leg which was subsequently found to be broken, he disappeared behind the scene on the opposite side of the stage. Then followed cries that the President had been murdered, interspersed with cries of, "Kill



DR. LEALE, WHO PLANNED AND DIRECTED THE TREATMENT OF THE MORIBUND PRESIDENT. THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN IN WASHINGTON IN 1865

the murderer!" "Shoot him!" etc., from different parts of the building, and the lights had been turned down, a general panic was over all, and the panic-stricken audience were rushing toward the doors for exit and safety.

I instantly arose, and in response to cries for help and for a surgeon I crossed the aisle and vaulted over the seats in a direct line to the President's box, forcing my way through the excited crowd. The door of the box had been severely fastened on the inside to prevent any one following the assassin before he had accomplished his cruel object and made his escape. The obstruction was with difficulty removed, and I was the first to be admitted to the box.

The usher having been told that I was an army surgeon, had lifted up his arm and had permitted me alone to enter. I passed in the slightest degree knowing what I had to encounter. At this moment, while in self-communion, the military command "Halt!" came to me, and in obedience to it I stood still in the box, having a full view of the four other occupants. There came the advice, "Be calm!" and with the slightest trembling and force of will I brought all my senses to their greatest activity and vaulted forward to my duty.

Major Rathbone had bravely fought the assassin. His arm had been severely wounded and was bleeding. He came to me holding his wounded arm in the hand of the other, begging me to attend to his wound. He placed my hand under his chin, looking into his eyes, an almost instantaneous glance revealed the fact that he was an innocent daughter, and in response to appeals from Mrs. Lincoln and Miss Harris, who were standing by the high-backed armchair in which President Lincoln sat, I went immediately to their assistance, saying I was a United States Army surgeon. I grasped Mrs. Lincoln's outstretched hand in mine while she cried piteously, "Oh, Doctor, is he dead? Can he recover? Will you take charge of him? Do what you can for him. Oh, my dear husband!" I soothingly answered that we would do all that possibly could be done. While attending the President, I asked a gentleman who was at the door of the box to procure some brandy and another to get some water.

As I looked at the President, he appeared to be dead. His eyes were closed and his head had fallen forward. He was lying, half upright in his chair by Mrs. Lincoln, who was weeping bitterly. From his crumpled-down sitting posture it was evident that Mrs. Lincoln had instinctively sprung to his aid after he had been wounded and had kept him from tumbling to the floor. By Mrs. Lincoln's strength, and energy the President was maintained in this upright position during all the time that elapsed while Major Rathbone had bravely fought



MRS. LINCOLN AS THE MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE

the nervous and removed the obstruction from the door of the box.

I placed my finger on the President's right radial pulse, but could perceive no movement of the artery. For the purpose of reviving him, if possible, we removed him from his chair to a recumbent position on the floor of the box, and as I held his head and shoulders while doing this, my hand came in contact with a clot of blood near his left shoulder. Recognizing the flashing danger in the hand of the assassin, and the severely bleeding wound of Joseph Rathbone, I supposed the President had been stabbed, and while kneeling on the floor over his head, with my eyes continuously watching the President's face, I asked a gentleman to cut the coat and shirt open from the neck to the elbow to enable me, if possible, to check the hemorrhage that I thought might take place from the subclavian artery in some other fatal wound. This was done with a silk knife, but no wound was found there. I lifted his eyelids and saw evidence of a brain injury. I quickly passed the separated fingers of both hands through his blood-matted hair to examine his head, and then I discovered his neural wound. The President had been shot in the back part of the head, behind the left ear. I easily removed the obstructing clot of blood from the wound, and this relieved the pressure on the brain.

The assassin of President Lincoln had evidently endeavored to shoot to produce instant death, as

the wound he made was situated within two inches of the physiological point of selection when instant death is desired. A .44-ringer pistol had been used, which had sent a large round ball on its awful mission through one of the thickest, hardest parts of the skull and into the brain. The history of surgery fails to record a recovery from such a fearful wound and I have never seen or heard of any other person with such a wound and injury to the sinus of the brain and to the brain itself, who lived even for an hour.

As the President did not then revive, I thought of the other mode of death, apnea, and assumed my preferred position to revive by artificial respiration. I knelt on the floor over the President, with a knee on each side of his pelvis and facing him. I leaned forward, opened his mouth, and introduced two extended fingers of my right hand as far back as possible, and by pressing the base of his paralyzed tongue downward and outward, opened his larynx, and made a free passage for air to enter the lungs. I placed an assistant at each of his arms to manipulate them in order to expand his thorax, then slowly to press the arms down by the side of the body, while I pressed the diaphragm upward; methods which caused air to be drawn in and forced out of his lungs. During the strenuousness I also, with the strong thumb and fingers of my right hand, by intermittent sliding pressure under and beneath the ribs, stimulated the apex of the heart, and resorted to several other physiological methods. We repeated these motions a number of times before signs of recovery from the profound shock were attained; then a feeble action of the heart and irregular breathing followed.

The effects of the shock were still manifest by such great prostration that I was fearful of any extra agitation of the President's body, and became convinced that something more must be done to sustain life. I leaned far back directly over his body, thorax to thorax, face to face, and several times drew in a long breath, then forcibly breathed directly into his mouth and nostrils, which expanded his lungs and improved his respirations. After waiting a moment I placed my ear over his thorax and found the action of the heart improving. I arose to the erect kneeling posture, then watched for a short time and saw that the President could continue independently his breathing, and that instant death would not occur.

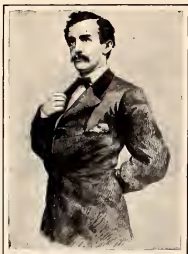
I then pronounced my diagnosis and prognosis: "His wound is mortal; it is impossible for him to recover." This message was telegraphed all over the country.

When the bloody and water-soaked, I very slowly poured a small quantity into the President's mouth. This was swallowed and retained.

Many looked on during these earnest efforts to revive the President, but not one did any one suggest a word or in any way interfere with my actions. Mrs. Lincoln had thrown the burden on me and not wince by looking on.

In the dimly lighted box of the theatre, so beautifully decorated with American flags, a scene of historic importance was being enacted. On the carpeted floor lay prostrate the President of the United States. His long, contracted, athletic body of six feet four inches appeared unusually heroic. His bleeding head rested on his white linen handkerchief. His clothing was arranged as neatly as possible. He was irregularly breathing; his heart was feebly beating; his face was pale and in solemn repose; his eyelids were closed, and his countenance made him appear to be in grateful communion with the Universal God he always loved. I looked down upon him and started for the next respiration, which soon came. "Remove to safety." From the time Mrs. Lincoln had placed the President in my charge I had not permitted my attention to be diverted. Again I was asked the nature of his wound, and replied in these exact words: "His wound is mortal; it is impossible for him to recover."

While I was kneeling over the President on the floor, Dr. Charles S. Taft and Dr. Albert P. King had come and offered to render any assistance. I expressed the desire to have the President taken, as soon as he had gained sufficient strength, to the nearest house on the opposite side of the street. I was asked by several if he could not be taken to the White House, but I responded that if that were attempted the President would die long before we reached there. While we were waiting for Mr. Lincoln to gain strength, Laura Keane, who had been taking part in the play,

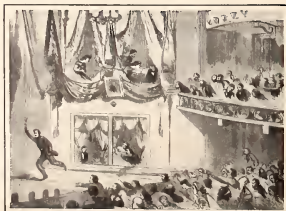


JOHN WILKES BOOTH, THE ASSASSIN OF LINCOLN

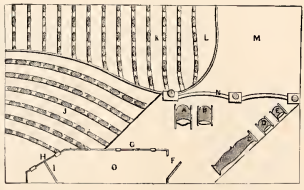
From a wood-cut published as "Harper's Weekly" for April 20, 1865

approached to me to allow her to hold the President's head. I granted this request, and she sat on the floor of the box, and held his head on her lap.

We decided that the President could not be moved from the possibility of danger in the theatre, to a house where we might place him on a bed in safety. To assist in this duty I assigned Dr. Taft to carry his right shoulder, Dr. King to carry his left shoulder, and detailed a sufficient number of others, whose names I have never discovered, to assist in carrying the body, while I carried his head, going first. We reached the door of the box and saw the long passage leading to the exit crowded with people. I called out twice: "Guard, clear the passage! Guard, clear the passage!" A free space was quickly cleared by an officer, and protected by a line of soldiers in the position of present arms with revolvers, pistols, and bayonets.



Booth's escape from the box in which he shot the President  
THE ASSASSIN LEAPED FROM THE UPPER BOX TO THE STAGE AND HASTENED THE MEN, WAITING IN THE NUMBER FIVE AT A BEAR DOOR  
From a wood-cut published in "Harper's Weekly" for April 20, 1865



[A] Dark corridor leading from the dress circle to box—[B] Entrance to corridor—[C] The bar used by Booth to prevent entrance from within—[D] Dress circle—[E] The foot-light—[F] The stage—[G] Open door to the President's box—[H] Guard door—[I] Place where Booth vaulted over to the stage below]

Diagram of the theatre box occupied by President Lincoln

From a wood-cut published in "Harper's Weekly" for April 20, 1865



Gen. Hurlburt, Denver

Prof. J. C. Pennington

John W. W.

Spencer C. C. Pennington, Denver, Colo. Mr. J. W. W.

Sen. Sumner, Ala. Gen. Grant, Br. C. C. Sen. Sumner, Br. C. C. Sen. Sumner, Br. C. C.



Gen. Hurlburt, Denver

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Pennington, Denver, Colo.

Mr. J. W. W.

Sen. Sumner, Ala.

Gen. Grant, Br. C. C.

Sen. Sumner, Br. C. C.

## THE DEATH-BED OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN H. LITTLEFIELD, TO WHOM THE PERSONS IN THE PICTURE GAVE SPECIAL SITTINGS

Copyright, 1911, by John H. Littlefield



THE LOG CABIN WHERE, IN HARRIS COUNTY, KENTUCKY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN WAS BORN ON FEBRUARY 12, 1809. THE CABIN IS STILL PRESERVED IN EXACT AN A MEMORIAL OF THE HUMBLE LIFE FROM WHICH THE PRESIDENT AROSE



THE HOUSE AT EIGHTH STREET AND CAPITOL AVENUE, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, FROM WHICH LINCOLN CAME TO THE WHITE HOUSE IN 1861. THE HOUSE IS NOW USED AS A LINCOLN MUSEUM AND CONTAINS MANY VALUABLE RELICS

When we reached the stairs, I hurried so that those holding the President's feet would descend first. At the door of the theatre I was again asked if the President could be taken to the White House. I answered, "No, the President would die on the way."

The crowd in the street completely obstructed the doorway, and a Captain, whose services proved invaluable all through the night, came to me, saying, "Sargents, give me your commands and I will see that they are obeyed." I asked him to clear a passage to the nearest house opposite. He had on side arms, and drew his sword. With the sword and a word of command he cleared the way. We slowly crossed the street. It was necessary to stop several times to give me the opportunity to remove the clot of blood from the opening to the wound. A barrier of men had been formed to keep back the crowd on each side of the opening to the house. Those who were seated ahead reported that the house directly opposite the theatre was chosen. I saw a man standing at the door of Mr. Peterson's house, diagonally opposite, holding a lighted candle in his hand and beckoning us to enter. This we did, not having been interrupted in the slightest by the throng in the street; but a number of the excited populace followed us into the house. The great difficulty of relieving him during this brief time occupied in moving the President from the theatre to Mr. Peterson's house conclusively proved that the President would have died in the street. I had granted the request to take him such a long distance to the White House.

I asked for the best room and we soon had the President placed in bed. He was lifted to the longitudinal centre of the bed and placed on his back. While holding his feet upward and keeping his head from rolling to either side, I looked at his elevated knees caused by his

to leave the room. After we had given the President a short rest I decided to make a thorough physical examination, as I wished to see if he had been wounded in any other part of the body. I requested all except the surgeons to leave the room. The Captain reported that my order had been carried out, with the exception of Mrs. Lincoln, to whom, he said, he did not like to speak. I addressed Mrs. Lincoln, explaining my desire, and she immediately left the room. I examined the President's entire body from his head to his feet and found no other injury. His lower extremities were very cold and I sent the hospital steward, who had been of great assistance to us in removing the President from the theatre, to procure bottles of hot water and hot blankets, which were applied. I also sent for a large newspaper, and in a short time our very nicely made was brought. This I applied over the solar plexus and to the anterior surface of his body. We arranged the bedclothes, and I assigned Doctor Taft and Doctor King to keep his head upon the pillows in the most comfortable position, relieving each other in this duty; after which I sent an object to notify Mrs. Lincoln that she might return to her husband. She came in and sat on a chair placed for her at the head of the bed. As the symptoms indicated renewed brain compression, I again elevated the opening of slotted bed and pushed forward the button of bone, which acted as a valve, permitted an oozing of blood, and relieved pressure on the brain. I again saw good results from this action.

After doing all that was professionally necessary, I stood aside for a general view and to think what to do next. While thus watching, several army officers anxiously asked if they could in any way assist. I told them my greatest desire then was to send messengers to the White House for the Presi-

dent Gurley was Mrs. Lincoln's pastor, I immediately sent for him.

Then I sent the hospital steward for a Nelaton probe. No drug or medicine in any form was administered to the President, but the artificial heat and mustard plaster that I had applied warmed his cold body and stimulated his nerves. Only a few were at any time admitted to the room by the officer who I had stationed at the door, and at all times I had maintained perfect discipline and order.

While we were watching and letting Nature do her part, Doctor Taft came to me with brandy and water and asked permission to give some to the President. I objected, stating as my reason that it would produce strangulation. Doctor Taft left the room, and again came to me stating that it was the opinion of doctors also that it might do good. I replied, "I will grant the request, if you will please at first try by pouring only a very small quantity into the President's mouth." This Doctor Taft very carefully did. The liquid ran into the President's larynx, producing laryngeal obstruction and unpleasant symptoms, which took me about half a minute to overcome, but no lasting harm was done. My physiological and practical experience had led to correct conclusions.

On the arrival of Dr. Robert K. Stanton, who had been the President's family physician during his residence in Washington, I was presented to him as the one who had been in charge since the President was shot. I described the wound and told him all that had been done. He said he approved of my treatment.

Surgeon-General Joseph K. Barnes' long delay in arriving was due to his going first to the White House, where he expected to find the assassinated President; then to the residence of Secretary Seward and his son, both of whom he found requiring immediate attention, as they had been severely wounded by the attempts of another assassin to kill them.

On the arrival of the Surgeon-General and Assistant Surgeon-General Charles H. Crane, I reported what we had done, and officially detailed to the Surgeon-General my diagnosis, stating that whenever the clot was allowed to form over the opening to the wound the President's breathing became greatly embarrassed. The Surgeon-General approved the treatment, and my original plan of treatment was continued in every respect until the President's death.

The hospital steward arrived with the Nelaton probe and an external saw, which I introduced to the Surgeon-General and myself, who introduced the probe to a distance of about two and a half inches, where it came in contact with a foreign substance which lay across the track of the ball. This was easily passed and the probe was introduced several inches farther, where it again touched a hard substance at first supposed to be the ball; but as the white porcelain ball of the probe, on its withdrawal, did not indicate the mark of bone it was generally thought to be another piece of loose bone. The probe was introduced the second time and the ball was supposed to be distinctly felt. After this great exploratory probing further was done with the wound except to keep the opening free from coagula, which if allowed to form and remain for a short time produced signs of increased compression, the breathing becoming profoundly stertorous and intermittent, the pulse more feeble and irregular.

After I had resigned my charge all that was professionally done for the President was to repeat occasionally my original diagnosis of solution of the brain pressure by freeing the opening to the wound and to count the pulse and respirations. The President's position on the bed turned exactly as I had that placed him, with the assistance of Doctor Taft and Doctor King.

Robert T. Lincoln came and remained with his father and mother, bravely sustaining himself during the course of the night.

On that awful memorable night the great War Secretary, the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, one of the most imposing figures of the nineteenth century, promptly resigned his position as Secretary of War in view of our country's history the necessity of a head to our government, and as the President was passing away, established a brilliant new precedent in our history by joining room. There he sat, surrounded by his counselors and messengers, pen in hand, writing to General Dix, our military commander in chief, and to many with many in authority and with the government and army officials. By Secretary Stanton's wonderful

(Continued on page 37)



LINCOLN'S FINAL RESTING PLACE. THE MONUMENT ERECTED OVER THE TOMB OF THE GREAT EMANCIPATOR IN OAK RIDGE CEMETERY, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, AND THE SCENE OF ELABORATE CENTENARY EXERCISES

great bright. This uncomfortable position grieved me, and I ordered the foot of the bed to be removed. Doctor Taft and Doctor King reported that it was a fixture. Then I requested that it be broken off, as I found this could not satisfactorily be done, I had the President placed diagonally on the bed and called for extra pillows, and with them formed a gentle inclined plane on which to rest his head and shoulders. His position was then one of repose.

The room soon filled with anxious people. I called the officer and asked him to open the window, and order all except the medical gentlemen and friends

dent's son, Captain Robert T. Lincoln; also for the Surgeon-General, Joseph K. Barnes; Surgeon D. Wilbur Hunt, in charge of Army Square General Hospital; the President's family physician, Dr. Robert K. Stanton; and to each member of the President's Cabinet. All these desires of mine were fulfilled.

Having been taught in early youth to pay great respect to all religious denominations in regard to their rules concerning the sick or dying, it became my duty as surgeon in charge of the dying President to summon a clergyman to his bedside. Therefore, after inquiring and being informed that the Reverend



"An Idyl of the Sea"



"The Wife of the Artist"



"Boys in Swimming"



"The Children of the Artist"

## A New York Exhibit of a Spanish Master's Art

By Charles De Kay

**T**HE reproach which used to be addressed to Manhattan, that foreign art had no opportunity to exhibit itself on the island, save through art-dealers, is by way of disappearing in this year 1909. The Metropolitan Museum has offered princely hospitality to the collection of modern German paintings, sculptures, and etchings, which was organized by Mr. Hugo Reisinger. The Metropolitan has at least a series of new galleries well fitted for such a show. And now we have another museum, that of the Hispanic Society in Audubon Park, dismantling its walls and moving the cases containing the rare and almost priceless collections of its president, Mr. Archer M. Huntington, in order to show several hundred paintings of the modern Spanish artist, Señor Sorolla y-Bastida.

Señor Sorolla is not merely modern, he is very modern. He may be classed among the students of sunlight who have done great things for painting under their leader, Claude Monet, without in all cases following that leader closely in the technical processes whereby one arrives at a result. Less scientifically exact, less logical, perhaps, this painter of the open air leans toward that section which sees first of all in a group, or a landscape, or a marine, certain broad masses of color. These rather than the line and the perspective are what strike them most forcibly, as they do the eyes of children and of older persons who have not learned to analyze a view almost at the moment they look upon it. In that respect they are naïf; in that primitive. They make few allowances for the belazzement of human eyes when gazing directly at strong sunlight, and may be found at times to put their expressions down at first hand, avoiding carefully a description in paint which smacks of a hazy examination, a correction by prolonged consideration of certain mistakes into which the unassisted eye may readily fall. Hence the blame that freely falls on their works when the critic is a cool and, after his fashion, a logical person, one of

those who do not remember how things appeared to them in youth—realists as they love to consider themselves, but only realists in so far as form is concerned, for to the charms of color they are and perhaps always have been blind.

Señor Sorolla has passed a not very eventful life, for the most part in his native Spain; but not without some experience of Paris. In winter he lives at Madrid, for the purpose of painting portraits. In the summer his home is Valencia, on the Guadalquivir, not far from the sea, an ancient city of the Greeks and Carthaginians, of the Romans and Moors, whence the dead Cid, strapped to the saddle of his horse, rode at the head of his partisans through the enveloping fog and won a victory even as a corpse. Valencia, the busy commercial city, with its many churches and convents, is near enough to the Mediterranean to have sea baths, and Señor Sorolla does not need to travel far in order to study marines and the human figure made or sensibly draped. Some of his most brilliant pictures are those of boys and girls playing in the surf or chasing one another across the sands. He expresses with a rare vivacity and gaiety of heart the motion of the billows agitated by the solace when it blows from the Mediterranean. His drawing of figures in motion, his boys swimming or girls racing into the surf, is such that they seem to spring with the gladness of colts and kids. One big painting which has been selected for special commendation abroad is a scene of oars in the surf as they drag



"Maris"

the fishing-boats over the shoals cut of reach of the breakers. Portraits of his wife and his three children give some idea of his capacity in such matters, wherein it may be noted that he avoids the commonplace in the posing of his sitters, yet never falls into that extravagance which gives one the feeling that the pose has been selected to impress.

Recent exhibitions held by Señor Sorolla in London and Paris have done much to spread his fame, for the painters of note have greeted him with the most flattering applause, finding him as strong as, if not more attractive than, Zola. In looking about for a painter with whom he may in some sort be compared we turn to the British painter of Bruges and Venice, to Frank Brangwyn, but it would be going quite amiss to compare them except in a very general way. Sorolla is much closer to nature; Brangwyn suggests the broad color effects of old tapestries; yet in the management of large spots of color there is enough resemblance to make the comparison worth while.

# How to Train Your Parents

By

Philip Dormer Chesterfield

DRAWINGS BY F. STROTHMANN

"The child is father of the man."

—WORDSWORTH.

**U**NDER the kindly and fostering eye of our present administration, with the popular anti-race-suicide plank so adequately defined in the broad platform of paternal government, children, it may be said, have at last come into their own.

For centuries they have been hampered and harassed by the unromantic view of their sphere of endeavor so tenaciously clung to by their forebears. Hedged about on every side by cruel epigrams and heartily achieved savings invented by their elders for their own personal comfort and convenience, and for the everlasting discomfiture of all youth, such as: "Children should be seen, not heard," or, "Beate the rod and spoil the child," after a weary week of constant admonition at home they were dragged reluctantly to church to be further cowed and disheartened by the hymns of Dr. Watt, who made them give up everything life held for them that seemed at all worth while, and pass their existence, like little Samuel, upon their knees, in pious penance for having been born into this wicked world at all.

Now, however, that children have come to a fuller realization of their magnificent economic value in the heroic march of the world's progress, they are beginning to give some considerable thought and concentrated attention to the problems of family life, particularly as to the education of parents and the personal freedom of the home, and they are coming to realize sternly that the training of parents is a preparation for the gravest and most important relation of life, and that upon the character of their parents as developed in their home life must rest the wellbeing of our nation and the permanence of our institutions.

Since the education of parents has come to be so largely vested in the hands of the child, a few hints for the guidance of these unobtrusive instructors may not be amiss.

Do not extend too much encouragement to your parents to converse at table, especially if you have school friends stopping with you, for it must always be borne in mind that their early youth was spent without the benefit of your association and example, and that many years have elapsed since their school days; consequently, if allowed to converse freely with their juniors, they are almost sure to commit some faux pas which would mortify you and possibly damage your standing in the eyes of your more congenial young companions.

Try to keep the mirror to yourself as much as possible, so that they cannot see it. Remember that older people are particularly susceptible to criticism and puerile, and in addition their hours are much more brittle and liable to severe fractures in case of accidents than those of the young.

Try to tolerate your parents' presence in their own house; otherwise you may drive them out-of-doors or to other people's houses, where they would most decidedly interfere with your recreation and enjoyment. Always remember that if they have any good qualities these have probably been molded in them by you. This should breed your patience and forbearance with them, and encourage to further effort toward their ultimate improvement. Always try to bear in mind, no matter how troublesome and irritating they may be at times, that after all they were the responsible though possibly thoughtless, authors of your being, and therefore are entitled to a certain toleration from you if from no one else.

Remember that you are almost always right! Parents have generally lived so long in the world that they have lost their fresh, unbiased viewpoint, and their opinions are colored by prejudice and the vast amount of misinformation that they have spent the greater part of a lifetime in accumulating.

Try to be as tolerant as possible of your mother. Think how many years your father has borne with her

in spite of her only too visible shortcomings. And remember that in his own necessity was the invention of mother, and, had your father possessed ample means of his own, that he would probably never have married—in which case you would have had no mother whatever.

You should always be suave and condescending toward the older friends of your parents, but in no case should the line be withdrawn for a instant that would outlive down to the slightest familiarity which might be incompatible with your dignity. Remember,



Parents are almost sure to commit some faux pas

however, that old and consequently less brilliant persons are useful as hints, and frequently afford, in their personal appearance or peculiarities, targets for your wit and trenchant humor.

It is within the province, in fact it is almost the baneful duty, of all children to see that their parents comport themselves in all ways in the most up-to-date and *fin de siècle* manner. In short, the ambition of every child should be to render its parents the diviner art in all that is newest in thought, style, and manner.

No old ideas or customs should be tolerated, and every painstaking child will make it a point to converse freely with its parents of football, Fletcherian, Ethel Barrymore, perfectly puzzles, Bernard Shaw, caricatures, the suffragette movement, sparkling ships, Nietzsche, and Nostalgia.

Parents should always be corrected and reproved in the presence of others, as a private reproof gently administered too often has little effect upon them, while if administered in public it may happily bring a blush of shame to their cheeks or even create a healthy laugh at their expense. Bear in mind that a parent is not without honor save in his own house, but, as Napoleon so truly said, "No hero could be a valiant to his children."

Always dress your parents yourself. Do not allow them to plod along at the old family tailors' or dress-makers'. Many a sonlike and shabby father only needs a few original touches, such as a green alpaca hat, pink-colored spots, and a bright scarlet tie, to change him so that his best friends will not recognize him, while dowdy women can be made quite chic with a straight front, a lace-trimmed gown, and a brown Panama, provided you can keep her up to a strenuous course of exercise and diet to do away with her hips.

Try to tolerate in your parents some little regard for the truth. Of course you will almost surely have discovered their weakness in this respect at an early age. Debilitated for a time by their aggressive fabrication of fables, Santa Claus, the baby-brother story, and a hundred and one other fantasies of their irresponsible brains, you have come later to place little reliance on any statement of theirs whatever. Constantly remind them that "children and fools cannot lie," but that a few of the older people who have escaped the second category have several times been caught and severely chastised by the astute and truthful President of our great Republic. Always bear in mind Moore's beautiful lines:

"Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour  
I've seen my parents' night decay,  
I never knew one little hour  
They did not shame me in some way.  
I taught my mother passing well  
To tell the truth, with steadfast eye,  
But oh! what whippers she would tell  
To gossip when I was not by."

The utmost care should be taken to instill the principles of decency and virtue in the parental homes, as, left to themselves, many parents, for want of a restraining hand, have taken to a mortifying career of some sort that has broken the heart of many a dejected child, and too truly has it been said, "The gods visit the sins of the fathers upon the children."

Encourage your parents to seek your society as often as may be convenient for you, for such companionship cannot fail to be strengthening and beneficial to them, and the better they get to know you the greater will



Parents should always be corrected and reproved in the presence of others

be the incentive to their intellectual growth, for, as Shakespeare so sagely observed, "It is a wise father that knows his own child."

Do not expect too much of your parents at first. With patience under your fostering care they will modestly unfold traits and qualities that you little dreamed they possessed. Remember, as the Bard of Avon so aptly puts it, "Men are but children of a larger growth," and as there is no royal road to learning, they must be led gently along the slopes of wisdom with the utmost patience and perseverance on your part. Often you will think these ungrateful and heedless of your repeated admonitions, for "parents will be parents," but never despair. Remember the story of King Robert Bruce, who saw a spider fall twelve times in attempting to reach the roof of a building. On the thirteenth time it was successful, and the King, starting from his couch, exclaimed: "This poor insect has taught me perseverance. I will follow his example." He thereupon constructed an aeroplane built upon the plan of the spider's anatomy, and, after twelve falls at the French government's flying school at Le Mans, he finally flew over a kava and so won the crown of France. Therefore, your parents should be not despairing, and, no matter how many setbacks and disappointments you encounter, you should never give up your self-appointed educational mission, and as you progress you will find unexpected pleasure in the task and realize the beauty of Thompson's charming verse:

"Delightful task! to train the father's thought,  
To teach the mother's young idea to shoot."  
Always remember, however, that it is better to keep parents to their duty by a sense of honor and by

kindness, rather than by fear and punishment.

Never write letters! It is at first a dangerous art, and, since the invention of wireless telegraphy, the telephone, and the wireless telegrapher, the practice has become almost obsolete among statesmen and the higher business circles, while on the social side even the most tender and romantic epistles are quickly looking foolish in print. Before taking your pen in hand always remember the sagacious lines in Butler's *Hudibras*:

"Fall oft love letters  
cursed the writers  
To curse the day  
they ever indited."

Too much stress can not be laid upon the importance that should be attached to the child's personal care of the parents' health. He should accommodate his own mind to theirs and endeavor to partake of everything that is not before them, as a generous supply of wholesome food is indispensable to both the health and disposition of the parent. Too much rich food is apt to breed a gummy and choleric temper, and is most inadvisable, while sweets should be dealt out with contrivance and measure, being laid before their teeth as well as for their digestion. Remember "How sharper than a serpent's fangs, it is to have a toothless father."

A few select letters from various inquirers may not be out of place here.

A child inquires: "My little father, aged sixty-three, does not like being kept at home. He has a weakness for the lighter side of spectacular comic opera, and is so passionately fond of music that he always wishes to sit in the front row where he can hear it all. His eyesight is still perfect. Is there any way in which I can divert his intense devotion to music to the Symphony Concert societies, so that he would spend his evenings more quietly at home?"

ANSWER.

Dear Algernon: From what you write we are afraid that as long as your father's eyesight is so slight he will prefer the less classical, though possibly for him more diverting, form of entertainment. It would do no harm, however, to try a few classical phonographic records on him, and if he does not prove hopelessly gummy you might have some hope of inveigling him into a Sunday matinee at the Metropolitan Opera House.



Try a few classical phonograph records on him

"What can I do to amuse my father when traveling? He is so restless in the train that I dread the long journey we must now take together. He is fifty-seven years old."

A THIRTY-CENT.

Take one full box of cigars, one tin box of Egyptian cigarettes, two packs of playing cards, a portable card table for the box, the latest and most fascinating romance, from which you can read to him when everything else fails. Take some mixed cocktails in a bottle and have the porter keep this in a cool place. Fathers are often restless because they are thirsty, and it is not always safe to offer them the water in the cooler one finds on the train.

"DUTY."

"How shall I keep my father and mother together? I have had very little experience with parents, as this is my first father."

A VERY YOUNG CHILDK.

Dear Mikeld: You cannot be too careful with your first father. Substituted as you are midway between New York and South Dakota, you are very apt to lose him in the lighted thing goes wrong with him at home. The most sensible course is to be very strict with your mother and see that she humors him in everything and not seek to cross him. Remember that your subconscious father, in case of a separation, may prove an unmanageable bit, and it is always a bother to handle and train a new father just as you have got the old one used to your ways.

Limitation of space prevents further elaboration of these head-on and instructive prompts for the child, but it is the earnest hope of the author that his forthcoming *Child's World of Advice* will give him a standard guide to the children who, while and disinterested efforts are doing so much toward changing the character of the parents of today. If the printed hints contained in the foregoing should prove of value to some disheartened child or serve to recall some erring parent to the path of duty and obedience, the author will feel more than a thousand times repaid by the consciousness of a good deed performed.

"How far that little scandal sheet has he come,  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."



"Delightful task! to train the father's thought,  
To teach the mother's young idea to shoot"

## Bargaining with Criminals

By Victor Rousseau

THAT the police can make no headway against the professional criminal in New York City, that a proportion ranging from fifty to ninety-four per cent., in every case, escape punishment, has been demonstrated in recent issues of *Harper's Weekly*. In these articles, stress was laid in particular on the fact that it is in most cases an impossibility to procure evidence sufficient to secure an indictment from the grand jury; that, when such indictment can be obtained, the criminal can protract the issue till witnesses have disappeared, forfeit his bail, obtain acquittal, or otherwise evade the law. This is not denied by the police authorities; but there is another phase of the affair to be taken into consideration, and that is the extent of allowing prisoners charged with felonies to plead guilty to a much lower offense than that charged in the indictment.

"People are prone to find fault with the police," remarked an official at headquarters, "and never stop to think that the police are only a small factor in the prosecution of criminals, and that their work can be practically nullified by the ineptitude of other officials of the city government."

The charge is, in fact, that on account of the numerous bail cases constantly awaiting trial, with threats to clog the slowly moving machinery of justice, the District Attorney's office bargains with criminals under indictment, permitting them to plead guilty to an offense much less serious than that with which they are charged, rather than go through the protracted formalities of a trial.

For example, in the month of January the cases of

six men awaiting trial upon the charge of murder in the first degree were disposed of very expeditiously in the courts of New York County. Their names are Pasquale di Mounas, Francesco Vonnella, Agostino Bianchi, Frank Hill, Stephen Stokowski, and Enrique de Lora. Each of these men had slain a fellow man in some fashion—by shooting, stabbing, or shooting. The police had evidence which would have sufficed to send some of them, at least, to the electric chair. But the evidence was evaded; the results of the trials might be uncertain; and so, by arrangement with the office of the District Attorney, they were "sent up" for periods ranging from about ten to twenty years each—indictment was satisfied.

It is claimed by the police that from twenty to thirty of such cases occur every day, and that the crooked conditions of the courts result in a year's imprisonment. They have a dozen list of them to prove their contention. Here, for example, are a few instances extracted from the record of a single day, the names are fictitious, but the records exist on file at Police Headquarters.

John Ross charged with grand larceny in the second degree; maximum sentence, five years; imprisonment; pleaded guilty to petty larceny; sentence suspended.

George Washington White, charged with assault in the first degree; maximum sentence, ten years; imprisonment; pleaded guilty to assault in the third degree; sentenced to a year's imprisonment.

Giuseppe Punctelli, charged with robbery in the first degree; maximum sentence, twenty years; pleaded guilty to receiving stolen goods; sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

"All the crooks know that the District Attorney

will permit them to plead guilty to a lower crime than that with which they are charged," said an official at Police Headquarters. "They say that they have to, in order to keep the calendar clear."

"There is one Part of General Sessions in particular where this is done—I think it changes from time to time as the judge is changed. Some judges, of course, have the reputation of being much 'easier' than others. Crooks like to go before Judge Mulquern or Judge Roskelly, or Judges Dyke and Vonnell in Brooklyn, who hand out stiff sentences. Judge Mulquern will impose a sentence of twenty years without turning a hair. Some of the politicians won't speak to him now."

"Every morning, in the Criminal Court Building, one of the court officers goes along in front of the prisoners, who are lined up in front of the courtroom, shouting, 'Who wants to take a plea?' Then the crooksicker with the deputy assistants."

"What 'I' get if I take this plea?" asks one.

"Three years," says the officer.

"Nothing doing: I'll take a year," says the crook. And generally he gets away with it.

"Good crooks can get bail to the amount of twenty thousand dollars or more. Men may be out on bail two or three years before their cases are called, and stealing all the while."

There are at present one hundred and twenty-seven persons in the city who are indicted with prior to January 1, 1908. Two of these were indicted prior to 1887. Forty-three of them were indicted in 1906 have still to be tried; eighty-two have been out on bail since 1906; all other crooks who are free on bail have been under indictment for a period of a single year or less.





## THE YOUNGEST AMERICAN DRAMATIC STAR

MISS FRANCES STARR, WHO IS ATTRACTING ATTENTION BY HER ACTING IN "THE EASTERN WAY" AT THE BELASCO STUDENT THEATRE, IS SCARCELY MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS OLD, AND HAS RISEN FROM INGÈNE TO STAR IN ABOUT SIX YEARS

# Binns and "the Men of the Broken Ear"

By Robert Sloss

A STOCKY lad in breathing hot shirt and trousers, the icy fog that filtered through an all but demolished little deck-house, both hands grasping the broken mast-rod key, crouched in the dark and listening—listening. That was Binns at six o'clock Saturday morning, January 22d. That picture of Binns, fifteen minutes after the collision, is the last likely to be forgotten.

Twelve hours later darkness had again settled over a fog-bound sea where two big liners were still searching anxiously for the shipwrecked souls toward whom Binns had guided them all day. At first his messages were relayed. He caught faintly the replies before they were flashed again to him from the shore station at Stonemont. Then hope began to wane as the vessels began to be reached within his shortened range. And now with his exhausted apparatus he was straining every nerve to keep up the direct communication necessary to guide them safely to the rescue. At that most trying hour, amid the quick interchange of captains' messages, Binns, the wireless operator of *La Liberté*, slipped in one of his own, asking, "How are you, old man?" Binns flashed back, "I'm on the job. Ship sinking but will stick to the end."

I recalled this to him shortly after he landed in New York.

"Well, that's about all there was to it," said Binns. "Mind you, I don't consider I'm the hero, the papers are all trying to make me out. Any refueling station expects to have to do as many as when pink cheeks, I'm sorry I can't stop to talk now. If they'll send me some questions, I'll write you answers to them the best I can."

"You see," he continued, as we shot down in the elevator, "I must go and get fitted out with some clothes." And he picked up a smile to the shabby suit and cap and old overcoat, all he had saved from the *Republic*.

"Why don't you go around and see some of the other operators?" he said. "They can give you information of more value than anything I can say." Then Binns disappeared in the crowd, his goodby drowned in the early breakers' change between the sites of the Outh of Allegiance and the Farewell Address.

Several days later, following Binns' advice, I was seated in the stateroom of the *Kaiserin Auguste Victoria*, where the chief operator was expounding things. The door opened softly, and there was Binns quiet and you in a new suit and derby.

"I got fixed up a bit since I saw you," he said, grinning at me, after greeting the others.

As we were only natural, our talk soon turned to wireless telegraphy, and at the close of another protest by Binns that he didn't think he'd done anything at all during the *Republic* incident were his clearly understood duty, he added:

Every one is expected to do his duty at sea in time of danger. And by the way, it's not the danger that wears out a man's nerves; it's the strain of listening all the time. Isn't it?" he appealed to the others.

"Right you are," said the chief operator, picking up the head-piece. "Just let me clamp this down on you the way we have to wear it. It must be tight enough for you not to hear me at all."

Stepping to the tuner, he adjusted it to a long distance wave length, and looked at me inquiringly. I nodded, fumbling to loosen the steel bands under which the top of my head and the base of my skull were already throbbing, while the hard-rubber receivers picked my ears.

"Did you get anything?" he asked, taking the instrument of torture.

"Something considerably fainter than the patter of a mouse over a hard floor," I said.

"Well, you can imagine how one has to listen to pick out dots and dashes from that, with the ship vibrating from her engines and the pound of the sea against her. When an operator is trying to catch an important message, he'll clamp that thing down tighter and tighter and never notice that it hurts till afterward. Every one who gets a broken ear or two sooner or later. Feel mine."

Sure enough, the upper cartilage of both was crumpled into absolute pliability.

"Why don't they invent something to magnify the sound of a message?"

"Maybe they will some day," said Binns. "Here's one of the new tuners," he went on, laying his hand excremously on the apparatus. With that, when you get a clear message, you can read out the message, but only the newest boats are fitted with the latest improvements in wireless. This one has a special dynamo run by a petrol-engine on the boat deck, so that in case of a break in the engine-room they wouldn't be left without light and power to run the wireless at all advantages."

The papers had me diving about in a compartment full of water, trying to find my accumulators. And you see they're right here under the stern, in the cabin all the time, and the operators keep chugging them from the ship's dynamo, so that in case of emergency when a mine is all over me as I was the *Republic*. He has to arrange his sleep according to the hours when the chart shows he must be in command, and he can't sleep on the deck, even when he's needed in getting nothing but cat-naps, with keeping in touch with the shore stations and all the rest. In bad weather he gets no sleep at all. I had the same idea at three that morning for my first sleep since we sailed. Of course, you're not often bumped out of sleep, but you have to be on your toes to think whether you'll live five minutes longer, but even in ordinary circumstances it's not long before you have to be on the alert."

"Yes," said the chief operator, "you're busy all the time. Before you got to Sandy Hook, passengers begin receiving messages, and they wish the routine from the captain, start you off. If the weather is at all bad near either shore, even with two operators, you can't count on more than four hours' sleep at a stretch. Sometimes you have to be facing the regular news service from either side for the daily paper published abroad. If you start on a trip that looks a bit easier than ordinary, the chances are some passenger will fill in your spare moments. Not long ago we had aboard the head of a big banking-house in London and New York. All the way over he kept in touch with his various interests on both sides, filing messages all the time, and we had to do some calculating so as to how to relay them from different vessels and shore stations to reach the points he wanted. Every morning his secretary would have a shelf of messages ready for him, and in a little while he'd have a fresh lot to file. It might take us till next morning to get results from all of them. He used to say he could transfer his business letter on sea than ashore, because he could think things out quietly without interruption. He managed to keep the wireless-room on the go all the time nevertheless."

"A great deal of time is taken up reporting to passing vessels the weather you're encountered. That work will be still more exacting when the regular system of international meteorological reports is inaugurated in February on all wireless ships. But the busiest time for all of us is coming late the Channel, on account of the cross-traffic down from the Baltic and North seas. When you have to pick your way through there in heavy weather, our twelve-hour shifts vanish. Only a few trips back we had just passed the Lizard is a thick fog by keeping in touch with the shore station as to the direction of our signals, when all of a sudden we picked up a message from the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* wanting to know our whereabouts, as she was going up somewhere on our port quarter. It is impossible to keep more than two or three miles apart there, and from that time on it was nip and tuck, aboard both ships to keep clear of each other. It meant that in both wireless rooms two men were busy, one sending and receiving messages every minute, and the other standing by at the telephone transmitting them to the bridge. Naturally the slightest misunderstanding would have meant an almost instant collision."

"Coming by the Lizard was where the *St. Pauli* rammed H. M. S. *Gloster* last April," said Binns. Cruttenberg was the operator on the liner, and most of his aerial was knocked down, but there was a little piece left suspended from the mainmast. Ten minutes after the collision he was listening from the wireless on a C. Q. D. and told them the *St. Louis* was lowering boats. At three, she was still standing by, trying to pick up survivors. In the afternoon, late of night, the ship rolling and your chair slipping about under you. Cruttenberg was sent over to the other side as evidence in the investigation. Of course, the wireless kept any record on the *Republic* in the dark, and consequently I may have to go over to testify in the case."

"Either disaster might have been averted if both boats had been equipped with wireless, but in the case of the *Gloster* it was not so easy. The sea was life. She went down too quick. You remember that lieutenant who sketched a jargon into one of the boats, ahead of himself, although he knew it meant going down with the ship. It was a case of a couple of seconds there to decide whether you'd save your own life or the other fellow's."

"It's the officers on those boats who have the real job cut out for them when anything happens. We operators get on our feet when the alarm sounds on the bridge, sailing back and forth in different vessels. My old hero used to be aboard this one and that's why I'm here now. It's so the ship will be looking for heroes, you ought to go to them, and there isn't a better in the business than say old man Sloss."

It is no wonder that "the old man" becomes fond of Binns and his kind, for it is on them he has come to rely heavily. Binns is the wireless operator on the crowded thoroughfare of the Western Ocean. When the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* left her rubber and rubber-patent belt (order, off the Newfoundland Banks, it was her wireless-room which enabled her to keep in touch with the home office and with passing vessels, so that her captain, steering with the propellers, was able to bring her into Bremen less than a day late, for which he was decorated with the Order of the Crown. The same achievement has just been repeated by the *St. Louis*, which slipped into New York at the end of January, after a like accident.

It is these "men of the broken ear" who have arisen to make impossible most of the ancient dangers of the deep. Going around among them and hearing them talk of their work convinces one of the incalculable service they render daily to modern navigation. And it is a service that is rewarded with an admirable esprit de corps. On the *Mississippi*, of the Atlantic Transport Line, I found a youngster who had not even attained to Binns' twenty-six years of experience. He, too, was wearing a torn ear he got sitting at the key, keeping in touch with the *Republic* disaster all the way in.

"Yes, I've met Binns," he said. "We both touched at Jamaica at the time Mont Peake blew up. We were too late to be of much use, but wireless played an important part in establishing communication and unmooring all there when the Marquis-Guadalupe cable was ruptured. Did it do some thing during the recent earthquake in Italy and Sicily. Of course, we operators get to know each other, meeting in the double berth and on shore, but the man I know best is one I have never seen. They say such friendships are disappointing when the parties really meet, but I don't believe it would be so with us."

They are a varied lot, these operators. Most of them are English, and the *Binns*, drifted from the Postal Service into the wireless realm at Liverpool. The German maritime law requires German on all merchant vessels. The French and Italian lines usually carry operators of their own nationality. Our coastwise vessels are recruited with graduates from the American shore stations.

But it is their work that has knit together this new brotherhood of the sea, in large measure personally unknown to one another. Nothing better typifies the spirit of it than the answer *Gloster* flashed when he got Binns' message of disaster: "All right, old man; where are you?"



From momentary approach, view by Edmund S. Underwood

He plants his feet firmly twenty-four inches apart and takes a slow swing back



From momentary approach, view by Edmund S. Underwood

Then he strikes the ball with all his force, and "follows through" with the right hand

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S "DRIVE" IS A BLEND OF CAUTION AND DARING

# John D. Rockefeller at Play

By William Hemmingway

**J**OHN D. ROCKEFELLER is the most conspicuous living example of the value of play, especially the play of golf. Throughout all his life until a decade ago he toiled incessantly in the accumulation of his fortune. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that even while he slept gigantic plans for developing and increasing his far-reaching interests were still seething in his mind. Night and day were devoted to work. Work made him rich. Work made him sick. Though when he retired from active business he was not yet sixty years old, he was utterly tired out. His stamina was badly depleted. He could hardly sleep or eat.

Play made him a robust new man—intelligent, interesting, amusing, difficult play; merely the game of golf, which not only gives a man plenty of walking and hill-climbing and club-swinging, out of doors,



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Mr. Rockefeller plays every shot with exquisite care, but finds the long approaches rather difficult

on the velvet turf, beneath the blue sky, but fascinates him, entertains him, with problems that are often similar, never twice alike, always engrossing. If a competent observer were asked who is the most pronounced golfing enthusiast in America to-day he would be forced to answer, John D. Rockefeller. Another Carnegie is a great devotee. He has abandoned horseback exercise for golf, and uses his motor-car chiefly for travel between home and the links. Judge Taft also is a devotee, not to say a martyr; for there is no estimating how many narrow-minded men voted against him because he played. The rich man's game is a characterization of golf which does not happen to be accurate.

But the fondness of these eminent citizens for the game is based upon their liking for the sport itself and the pleasant companionship it fosters. To these reasons Mr. Rockefeller adds profound gratitude. Golf has not only added years to his life, but afforded an interest that makes the years worth living. It was not without difficulty that the great financier surrounded himself for the last few years. For treasury years a tremendous worker, he could not at times play his daily business. When he was at the climax of ill health his doctors prescribed farm work for him. Daily he had corn and potatoes and chopped wood. The exercise may have been good for him, but the drudgery was most depressing. He made very little improvement or none. Then golf was prescribed. At first the patient seemed to think that more play was a waste of energy and time, but when the doctors pointed out its tonic, curative and prophylactic qualities he became interested. Immediately his condition began to mend. He was no longer restricted to a milk diet. His strength and appetite returned and he began to sleep soundly. All of which was due to golf—after all other tonics had failed.

Mr. Rockefeller, now in his seventieth year, is a hale and hearty athlete, buoyed by daily play in the sun, ruddy-checked and clear-eyed, as brisk and powerful and enduring as most men of fifty years. He follows golfing weather up and down the Atlantic coast and spends most of the best of daylight on the grassy links. He owns a course on his estate at Potomac Hills, New York, another at Lakewood, New Jersey, and just now he is playing in Georgia.

How does he play? Not brilliantly; that would be too much to expect of a man who took up the game only sixty. But he plays with an earnest drive for excellence, a persistent effort to improve his style, an enthusiasm for the royal and ancient game, that would do credit to a lad in his twenties. He has a

great deal of muscular power, and he often manages to get it into his swing, so that he drives the ball well past the tree-lined yard just. As for his legs in the game, more words can give but a pale revelation of it. If any one could offer him the choice between the certainty of adding one more million of dollars to his accumulation and the certainty of driving two hundred and fifty yards at least once in every game, there could be the slightest doubt as to which he would choose.

A more striking figure than John D. Rockefeller never appeared on a golf course. Lacking an inch of six feet in height, his spare, sturdy figure is so well muscled and broad in the back that he seems six feet tall or even taller. He walks with the gait of a Neolithic, a brisk, heavy, measured tread which on obstacles can check. His shoulders droop forward a little. His hands are broad, thick, and muscular, reminiscent of early days on the farm with such manual labor. His blue eyes are kindled with the genuine glow of concentration. He is not ready to begin, as reluctantly against the imaginary Colonel Bogey as he ever did against a real foe—though not invariably with the same degree of success. He is very correct in his attire; gray striped trousers creased to the minute and rolled up above, stout, buff polka-dots, whose rubber-elastic soles give him a good grip on the turf in his stance; a green or gray sweater-cut with silver sleeves, and a round, gray, peaked cap, whose elastic band is given him a sure grip on the shaft of his club, and, incidentally, he is not made lightly by grains of sand sitting into the fingers, because he allows his hands to rest the ball for him.

To see this kind of finance, the future forgetting and rapt in the present, is by the way, for all his immense energy absorbed in conquering the difficulties of a mere game, is to receive an object lesson in the art of concentration. He uses clubs of medium length, perhaps a trifle longer than the average in the shaft. Greater leverage insures greater distance to the shot, and accuracy can be maintained by overbalancing vigilance. If the ancient doctrine of genius is correct, he is a golfing genius; for he displays the capacity for taking infinite pains over each stroke.



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When he slices the ball into the rough he usually gets out in one stroke

Not that he is fussy over trifles, or shuffles about in frequent changes of stance, or wastes his own time and his opponent's tempo by much wringing of the club or a multitude of preliminary swings. Rather he marches up to the ball with the tread of inevitable Fate, studies the lie and the distance desired, selects the necessary club, and, without delay, sends the little white sphere whirling on its way. He has theories about the best way to play (as who has not?) and he is not averse to telling them, after the custom of all earnest players.

"I feel the same way toward golf as I do toward my other important pursuit," he said to a friend recently. "Anything worth doing is worth doing well. Take a firm grip on the club, study the lie of the ball, and make up your mind just where it should land to help you in the next shot; think out your play, keep your eyes on the ball, and let it follow through with your right hand. A good drive is a great help. The feet must be placed rigidly about two feet apart, and the driver should draw back until its head is a little bit above your head. Then swing your club well through—and don't forget the follow-through with the right hand."

All of these directions Mr. Rockefeller faithfully observes in his play. Inasmuch as he took up the game fully three decades after his muscles ceased to

be young and supple, it would be the height of folly for him to attempt the long, round, St. Andrews swing. Indeed, as compared with many of the young champions like Jerome Travers or the Krumpholtz he can hardly be said to be able to take a three-quarter swing. By infinite trouble and study, however, he has acquired the famous exactly the style of play that best suits his mind, his muscles, and his years. That style he carefully follows in his play, and that style and great muscular strength serve him well.

Thenceforth he works with the glees of the young mathematician who, after much pondering and the use of tables of logarithms, worked out with marvellous accuracy the exact details of his best stance, and had a frame built to order, after that he worked out the angles and the extent in it while making shots. That mathematics was no more careful than Mr. Rockefeller. There is a well-thought-out tradition that in his early days at the game he was hampered by a tendency to raise his feet when carried away by the vehemence of his swing. His coach tried to cure him of the fault, but all the adjustments were in vain. The temptation to hit a mighty swing was too strong to be resisted, and the explosion of energy carried the foot off the ground.

Mr. Rockefeller worked out a plan to cure the fault. He had his only caddy a cautious request of wicket of wire. Before making each shot he pulled the ends of the wire down deep into the turf on either side of his shot, so that the wicket clamped the following foot to the ground. It was a dangerous device, for too violent a swing might have thrown him off his balance and twisted his ankle; but the wire wicket worked wonders. Within a short time Mr. Rockefeller was able to keep his feet firmly planted on turf or sand and to restore the wicket to the croquet green. Then he was bothered by the fatal tendency we all have to raise the heel so as to see where the ball is going. As the heel was raised, of course, the shoulders and arms came up with it, and the club head topped the ball and miserably dribbled it along the grass instead of propelling it in a long flight. Mr. Rockefeller cured this evil with a very simple device. He had his caddy stand by and chant in solemn tones just as he began his drive: "Don't raise—your—head!" Fine. No more toping.

Mr. Rockefeller is not an successful with the brassie as with the short cut the tee, and yet with this difficult club his strokes will crash him in being off some ten strokes. The writer once saw him perform a remarkable feat with this club. The ball was lying halfway down the green bank of a brook, and he green was one hundred and eighty yards away. Without one moment's hesitation, Mr. Rockefeller took his brassie in hand, regardless of the hanging air, made an irresistible swing and dropped the ball accurately on the edge of the putting-green! It was true golf.

With approach shots of a hundred yards or so Mr. Rockefeller is not always fortunate, but in short approaches and putting he is deadly. If he happens to slice or pull the shot off into the rough, he cheerfully takes the machine or the stick and hews the ball out to safety, often with a good gain of distance—and never with profanity. It is impossible to imagine this imperturbable player losing control of his temper. If his adversary makes a good stroke he never fails to



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He deliberately putts in deeply, often huffing out from the edge of the green

praise it, and not infrequently when he happens to send off a long, screaming drive or to hole out a long approach putt, he hunches and shakes his leg as gaily as a boy. His score? Usually in the nineties, with occasional excursions over his hundred mark on a new or very long and difficult course.





The future bed of the Panama Canal, the great Culebra Cut, which extends for eight miles across the Isthmus, and presents one of the most tedious p



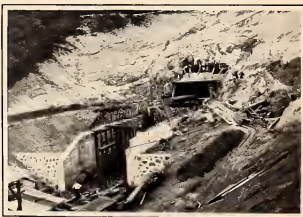
A French heritage—the cave at Rio Grande built by the De Lesseps engineers for storing high explosives, and still so used



Another view of Culebra Cut, at the north end of which, and about eight miles from the canal, a group of men to examine the work on the Panama Canal who accompanied Mr. Taft have approved ne



One of the products of American administration in the canal zone.—  
The type of dwelling-house constructed for workmen and their families



The south end of the Miraflores Tunnel, where many cave-ins have occurred to delay the work and harass the workmen

WHAT THE PRESIDENT-ELEC





Copyright, 1909, by the Panama Canal Co.  
problems of the undertaking. This panoramic view looks to the northward at the left, and to the southward at the right, with Gold Hill at the centre.



Copyright, 1909, by the Panama Canal Co.  
Atlantic Ocean, is the site of the Gatun Dam. It is reported that the engineers selected not only the plans for constructing this dam, but the entire present scheme for a lock canal.



Boring test-pits on the site of the Miraflores Dam to determine the character of the bed upon which it must rest.



The north end of the Miraflores Tunnel, on the line of the Panama Railroad, which has recently been re-located by the engineers.



Overlooking Panama from Ancon Hill. In the foreground is the new Ancon reservoir, which required only two months to build.

CT HAS BEEN SEEN AT PANAMA



ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN ON CHOOSING A PROFESSION:—IN THE PRACTICE OF MEDICINE MENTAL CONCENTRATION IS REQUISITE

A FOEMAN WORTHY OF THEIR STEEL

**D**URING a strike in the coal mines of West Virginia some years ago, apprehension on the part of the State authorities led to the calling out of the militia. There was really no trouble, but the situation was tense and bloodshed was looked for at any moment.

One day a soldier in uniform, off duty, was strolling through the main street of the town wherein the greatest violence was feared, when he was surrounded by a crowd of strikers.

"Honest, now, Bill," asked one of the men of the militiaman, "would you fire at your fellow men?"

"No, I wouldn't," promptly replied the man in uniform. "I never shot at any one in my life, and I ain't going to do it now."

The crowd cheered, and some one invited the militiaman to have a drink, an invitation which he accepted with alacrity. When he had satisfied his thirst the question was put:

"If you are in sympathy with the strikers, why did you answer the call to come here?"

"I ain't said I was in sympathy with the strikers," was the unexpected rejoinder of the man in uniform.

"But you said you wouldn't shoot at a miner, that's the same thing," protested one of the men.

"Well, fellows," said the uniformed one, after a moment's hesitation, "to tell you the truth, I never carried a gun in my life. The fact is I play the cornet in the band."

PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH

When the patient called on his doctor he found the good man in a state of great apprehension.

"I've got all the symptoms of the disease you have," said the doctor. "I'm sure I have caught it from you."

"What are you so scared about?" asked the patient.

"Why, man," replied the doctor, "I don't think I can cure it."

A TRUE DIPLOMAT

A PHOTOGRAPHER in Pittsburg was having his troubles with a child of eight years whom its mother had brought to the studio for a series of photos.

The picture man struggled with the youngster, who wriggled and squirmed and generally made his life

miserable for upward of an hour, trying to procure the poses desired by the doting parent.

Finally a happy thought struck the photographer. "May I suggest, madam," said he, "that you leave me alone with this charming little girl for a few minutes? I think that, with a little quiet persuasion, I may be able to calm her nervousness."

The mother assented; and when she returned the



MAIZY. "I JUST LOVE LOBSTERS."  
SWAZY. "AH! BUT THIS IS GO SWAGGER!"

photographer announced that he was sure of several fine negatives.

"Dolly," asked the mother, when they were out of the studio, "what did that nice man, the photographer, say to you when you were alone, that he was able to get the pictures?"

"He said," answered Dolly, with a quivering lip, "if you don't sit still, you miserable little worm—you disfigured little monkey—you, you—I don't know what—I'll shake you till you're blue in the face." So, mamma, I sat still."

WHEN DOLLY SINGS

Sure thrills my soul the while I sit.

She warbles like a bird.

But, gracious me, I must admit

I can't make out a word.

J. J. O'CONNELL.



NEW STENOGRAPHER. "I'M SORRY I'M LATE, BUT I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN EXPECT ME TO DANCE TILL FOUR IN THE MORNING AND BE HERE AT NINE."

## A PRACTICAL EXAMPLE



THERE is a certain moral officer of the United States who is very much opposed to the use of profanity by the officers under his command. Indeed, he has been known severely to reprimand, in private, officers on his ships heard to address their men in profane terms.

The following story is told concerning this Admiral's command of a squadron engaged in target maneuvers in Magdalena Bay, Lower California. The commanding officer observed one day that the men of his ship, the flagship, seemed to lag behind the crews of the other vessels of the squadron, being the last to finish the execution of a command or to carry out a maneuver. He mentioned this fact to his captain. Just as the latter was about to reply, there came knocking on the water from the vessel standing by the flagship a volley of oaths, the result of which was that there was some pretty bustling on the part of the crew addressed.

Glancing at his superior officer with a smile, the captain replied:

"That's it, sir. You see, sir, my men don't get enough encouragement like that."

## A POLITICIAN

"I'm afraid I'll never be able to teach you anything, Maggie," was the despairing utterance of a Trenton woman to a new Irish domestic. "Don't you know that you should always hand me notes and cards on a salver?"

"Sure, mum, I know," answered Maggie, "but I didn't know you did."

## ONCE WAS ENOUGH

On one occasion, when a guide in the Adirondacks was accompanying an amateur huntsman from New England, the guide was so unfortunate as to be shot in the leg by the novice.

Immediately the wounded man fell and lay flat; whereupon the huntsman ran to him in great distress, exclaiming:

"For Heaven's sake, mum! Tell me you are not hurt!"

"No, I ain't hurt much," was the early response of the guide.

"Then, why don't you rise? Can't you?"

"Oh, I can get up all right," said the guide.

"Only I was afraid you'd let me have the other barrel."

## LETHAL CONCERTS

A CERTAIN venerable citizen of a Pennsylvania city entertains no high esteem for his eldest daughter's musical abilities.

There being a guest one evening, the old gentleman was, to his disgust, compelled to spend an entire evening in the "parlor" whilst his daughter accomplished her whole repertoire for the edification of the stranger.

"Me," said the latter, turning to the old man when one selection had been achieved, "there are some songs that will never die."

"You're right," growled the old man. "My daughter puts in a good deal of her time trying to kill 'em, but unavailingly, sir, unavailingly!"

## RECOVERED HIMSELF

A SOUTHERN pugilist once was describing the experience of the professional one. In his endeavor to impress his hearers with the danger and resource that this young man felt, and his desire to eat away his vicious demons, he spoke thus:

"Dis young man got to thinkin' about his mean-



ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

## BEHIND MEASURES

MRS. KNICKER (to policeman). "VERY WELL, HERE'S THE MONEY; AND REMEMBER, YOU'RE TO ARREST MY HUSBAND TO-NIGHT AND TAKE HIM TO HEADQUARTERS. I HATE TO DO IT, BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN PERSUADE HIM TO HAVE HIS PICTURE TAKEN."

ness and his misery, and he took off his coat and frowed it away; and he took off his vest and frowed that away; and then he took off his shirt and frowed that away, too; and then he came to himself."

## POLITE IN EXTREMITY

MOTHER. "Oh, Bobby, you naughty boy, you have been smoking! Poor darling! Do you feel very bad?"  
BOBBY (who has been well brought up). "Thank you, I am dying."

## TO PULL HIM OUT OF TROUBLE

A SHORT time after a certain Representative in Congress, defeated for re-election, returned to Illinois, his native State, there to resume the practice of law. There came to him an old acquaintance seeking legal advice.

"The client had become involved in a series of financial troubles calculated to cause him great embarrass-

ment, to say the least. When he laid the whole case before the lawyer he availed, with an anxious expression, the former's opinion."

"You're certainly a sad story, John," said the attorney, "and I am downright sorry for you. You have, however, come to the wrong man. You don't need a lawyer. What you do need is a locomotive."

## ALL SERENE

A COUNTRY correspondent for a Kentucky newspaper once found himself in the mountains of that State looking for items of interest to his journal.

"There ain't a bit of news," said one farmer. "All down this way are too busy with their crops to think of anything else."

"Fine crops this year, eh?" asked the correspondent.  
"Couldn't be better," asserted the farmer. "I oughter to be in my field right now, an' I would be only I come in toon to see the doctor."

"The doctor?"  
"Yes; he's wanted to hold an inquest on a couple of fellers in our place."

"Accident?"  
"I reckon not! Run Morgan ain't doin' nuthin' else but by accident! He got Jim Jeffords an' his brother Tom with two shots! Got to have an inquest, though."

"What led to the fight?"  
"There wa'n't no fight. Run never give the other fellers any chance to make it a fight. Jed hid behind a tree an' give it to 'em as they came along."

"Has Run been arrested?"  
"No. What's the use? Some of the Jeffords people come along, burned down Run's house, shot him an' his wife, an' set fire to his barn. No, Run ain't been arrested. But I ain't got time to stand here talkin' to you. Got to get back to my harvestin'. But there ain't any news down our way. Ef anything happens I'll let you know."

## HER AMBITION

"Why, if it ain't Lucy Simmons!" exclaimed one Richmond negro not long ago on encountering a friend in the street. "What on earth has you been?"

"I've been workin' hard," was the answer.  
"Now dat I think of it," continued the first darky, "seems to me I did hear of you workin' night an' day. What's de matter?"

"It's jes' dis way," explained the second negro.  
"I've under stands to keep de price for bekin' dat good-for-nuthin' husband of mine. De judge he says ef I comes befo him agin or lays my hands on de old man he gwine to fine me ten dollars."

"I see. You're workin' hard to keep outer trouble?"  
"No, I ain't. I's workin' hard to save up dat fine."







hadn't telling you, and that is about my name; they call me McNeil, but that is not my real name.

He was trembling. Why her hand slipping away from his? "My real name is McNamar. Please don't take your hand away; I'll explain it all to you. 'Twas on my father's account. We were in business together, we failed and lost everything; I ran away, determined to make enough money to retrieve all. My father is a head-down old man. I can help him now; I have enough and to spare."

Her hand had stolen back into his. "I don't be afraid, Annie. I'll earn the money; I am worth \$12,000 in money, and my farm besides. The change wasn't much; I had to do it—McNeil to McNamar."

"Why?"

"The word uttered itself in a tone that alarmed him."

"Because they would have followed me and taken away my property before I had enough."

"What of that if it belonged to them?" She was trembling.

"But it wasn't theirs; it was mine. I made it right here in New Salem by hard work. Now I have come to pay them all. I will bring back father and mother and the children to my farm; then you and I will be married. Don't you like McNamar better than McNeil?"

He raised her hand to his lips.

"This is what I wanted to tell you. See, here is a true statement of all my property," and he drew from his pocket the sheet from his account-book showing all the items. She took it in an absent sort of way, but did not read it.

"Why didn't you tell me all this long ago?" Again it was the face rather than the words that reproached him.

Why had he not told her? All his reasons for silence seemed to rush into his air.

"I thought I'd tell you all at once when I had everything ready." He stammered as he spoke. "I wasn't ready to go; I hadn't made the money yet."

"But you had changed your name."

"Oh, Annie, Annie, don't say it that way! I have told you all now, everything, everything; I must start in the morning; I shall come back soon."

The shadows of the freighted sleigh gray over her face.

"I'll write often, Annie—every mail; it will not be long."

She suffered him to kiss her, but she closed her eyes; he was going away from her, and he had changed his name—once.

But he was telling her, rapidly, of his plans: of the wedding and the journey to Springfield and the new house and the new things far better than any in New Salem. She had never wearied of him, but now she listened as one having ears but not hearing. She seemed to herself sitting in darkness, and the man whom she loved with all the passion of a girl's first love was playing a part. But she would believe him. And she sat very still and sought to stifle her fears.

She did not know how long she had been sitting alone; she remembered how swiftly he had spoken, how he had poured forth his love for her again; and he had kissed her before he left. But the fire was dying, and she could feel the gray shadows creeping over her. She started to her feet and, walking to the fireplace, gazed pensively into the embers. She covered the fire and left the room. Against the pane of the little window in her own room the rain beat roughly and the wind, sweeping down from the vast prairie, stirred the leaves under all over the house. Toward morning she fell asleep; but her dreams were wearying dreams.

When she awoke the storm was still raging. Yes, she would believe in him, she must believe in him; she loved him, she must believe in him. She heard voices in the yard. Some one was sending a horse. Pulling back the curtain a handmaid, she saw McNeil on horseback accounted for his long journey. At sight of her he threw a kiss, and she saw him turn the horse's head toward Springfield.

"Why, Annie, child, what's the matter?" Her mother stood by the bedside; she had heard the girl moaning. For a moment she could not answer; then, breaking with sobs, she told her mother the whole story. As the story grew the mother's suspicions were aroused. Why should John McNeil or any other man, she asked, give her Annie pain? The maternal spirit was up. Why didn't he explain all this long ago and not keep it back till after the eleventh hour? He had gone, taking his wealth with him—and her Annie's heart. Was he an impostor? A fugitive from some Eastern city? What peril had her Annie run in receiving his attentions? Her mother's heart was wrung; her pulse was struck down. And she no longer the weeping girl, but best she could, resolving to tell the whole story at once to her husband. He was a man; he would know what to do, and there were plenty of men in New Salem who would help him.

"It kind of looks to me as if he meant to jilt her," was James Rutledge's comment when he heard the story. Now mind you, Mary Anne McNamar's game, we are well rid of him; but he better not eross any woman. Annie broken up by it, you say? Well, if she wroughed, I'll tell her to the ends of the earth and about him on sight."

At Berry & Lincoln's grocery—it was still called by the old firm name, though everybody knew that Lincoln had disposed of his slight interest to Berry long since—a tall, ungainly man was "opening up" for the sale. It was the story-teller of the night before. He slept in the loft overhead and looked as if he had slept in his clothes. He had no fixed employment, but he had at old jobs, now better than the others, he had a corn, now carrying chain for the surveyor, John Calhoun, or putting in a week occasionally at one of the stores—Berry's or Drake's or Ord's—when he was needed, especially when the books must be balanced and the innumerable credit accounts with the community be righted; for Abe had a sharp eye as accurate as a needle and at all kinds of writing, and no man in New Salem rated higher in honesty. Sometimes people came to him to have their letters written—all sorts of

letters—so profound was their confidence in him. He had lived in New Salem now about three years, equivalent to long inhabitation in any Eastern town; indeed, he had just missed being one of the founders of New Salem. Everybody liked him. He had settled his reputation in New Salem with his first visit—a somewhat compulsory one in the spring of '31, when he and his crew found themselves stranded, their flat boat caught on the edge of the New Salem dam. He was on his way with a cargo down the river; the boat had filled with water and everybody said she must be abandoned. Her nose stuck over the dam and her crew jammed ashore, but Abe bored a hole through her bottom, the water ran out, and she floated. This was Abe's way; nothing marvellous when the deed was done, but just the thing to be done. He then hired out to Denton Grift to work in his store, but the expected goods did not arrive. He found writing a

should never lift. Lincoln was busy arranging goods for display, putting this and that in order and tidying up generally. Had he confessed to the vision, it had been to the shadow of a sheepy head before his eyes, and in his ears the melody of a soft, sweet voice. So and was that voice so ragged suddenly in his work to listen. The lines of a hymn he had heard that voice persist in his memory:

"Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear."

The gloom of later thought descended in upon him in melancholy comfort, in was accord with his strange temperament. The line seemed to reveal himself. Poor, without fixed occupation, without family influence, his prospect one of toil and poverty, and his mind ever craving higher things; his condition in life hedged about by hindrances and obstacles. What a contrast to John McNeil. McNeil had wealth, business



Then, tenderly, how tenderly, Lincoln renewed his suit

doll business. It happened to be Election Day; the assistant to the clerk of elections was sick, and Mentor Graham, the clerk, was looking for help. Expecting the tall stranger hanging about the polling-place, he called out to him:

"Can you write?"

"I can make a few rabbit tracks."

Well, suppose you sit down and make 'em." Satisfied with the specimen tracks, Graham hired Lincoln for the day. But the clerk had done more than he knew—he had introduced a new source of joy to the man of New Salem. As they came up to vote and fell to talking with the stranger after the cheery informality of the West, they were soon listening to the most north-provoking stories of their lives. In plain terms, Lincoln called them as in retold them out. That night New Salem went to bed tired out with laughing. Lincoln had made his place in the community.

But on this morning when John McNeil or McNamar rode away from New Salem, just as his gleams through the window of Berry's store and caught sight of the story-teller's face he would not have pronounced it the face of a cheerful man, but, rather, a face strong in hopeless melancholy, gloomy with shadows that

ability, and a splendid farm. No, Annie Rutledge could not possibly have a thought for Abe Lincoln, but in could not help thinking of her all the time. Of course the game was up; McNeil had won her; there was an end of the matter. Then the voice went on singing the line over and over again:

"Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear."

He stepped to the window to take in the weather and the prospects of trouble for the day. Across the road a man on horseback was just riding away from Rutledge's tavern—John McNeil, of course. Had Lincoln missed on the man he would have made on the horse—a course, ram-bowed, riotous gray, a veteran of the Black Hawk War; and Lincoln had been through that war himself. "Nothing beautiful about us," the thought amused him. "War veterans grow ugly early." McNeil was making for the Springfield road. "Hill told me last night that John was going back, and there he goes." Somehow the melancholy look in his face was fading; his heart felt lighter as the horseman rode away. And the voice kept on singing:

"Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear."

Lincoln was laughing to himself. "And that's what





## THE MATTERHORN OF MANHATTAN

THE 700-FOOT TOWER OF THE METROPOLITAN LIFE BUILDING WHICH DOMINATES NEW YORK'S SKY-LINE

DRAWN BY JOHN EDWIN JACKSON

the poetry means, is it?" he asked smiling. "Why not, 'Why not'?"

"Might the line not apply to McNeil as well as to himself?"

"He stood still, analyzing the question."

"Ah, but you are up two pounds of loaf sugar." A customer had entered. It was the Rev. John Cameron, the Presbyterian preacher—Robert Cameron's son, as he was called.

"I've got to run over to Father Johnson's—Sister Johnson has sent for me. I'll only be a minute or two back; say wife wants it for her morning baking."

"Now, Edward, you must stand calling for my sugar," Mrs. Cameron called after him as he ran. "I'll slip down to your home with it myself. I see Berry coming, and he'll 'tend to store."

After preacher Cameron had gone and went on his errand.

"I say, Abe," called out Berry as he entered, "if I reckon that business will be better with us, now our store must stand to be tested. I've had the store to deliver it into Mrs. Cameron's hands. The errand took him straight past Rutledge's, and nearly a quarter of a mile beyond."

"And you just took all the trouble to fetch me that bit of sugar, Abe? Well, I reckon I've obliged to you somewhat. What is the old song?"

"Sugar, sugar, I love you."

And they do say, Abe, that John McNeil's going to leave town; sold out about a heap of money, they say, right here in New Salem. Well, if there is any money to be made in these parts I reckon a Yankee would get it. My previous little business here, I've sold for. I wonder how Annie Rutledge likes it, his going?" It is to follow, or is it all that much now? "Pears to me that if it was a young fellow like you, I'd run it. I bet that Annie Rutledge didn't put on mourning for John McNeil. Yes, Abe, I'm obliged to you for fetching the sugar; there's no knowing what the future will get back. And the good woman turned to her baking."

The savory smell that poured forth from the open door, rounded Lincoln's face and led him to breakfast, with which his wife was somewhat movable. But, finally, if the hour was not too late, he found something awaiting him at the breakfast table for Mrs. Rutledge, with whom Lincoln was a favorite, took an anxious thought for him—he seemed such a good soul, and she never failed to give him a little ready for him, come what time of day or night might. When now he reached the dining-room at the tavern he found the last guest seated at the table.

"Am I too late?" he asked Mrs. Rutledge, who he met in the hall.

"Oh no, Abe; I'll find a plate of something for you, hot or cold, though your mornin' vittles is about clean gone, and me just a-bakin' more. I'm down an egg for you, and I'll get the butter fresh out of the tub at the same time. I'll call you when things is ready."

Usually, when late to his meals, he waited in the hall, but that being the common resting-place for neighbors about the tavern.

"Joe's just up the parlor, Abe," said Mrs. Rutledge, pointing her finger and her motherly feeling for him, had led her to the politeness which he felt he must accept. He felt the warmth of the room as he opened the door, and the heat of the sun on the coats and throw on a few sticks from the wood-box in the hall. The blue quickly rolled up and he found the back of comfort seating.

He sat in this room, sewing by the west window. He went over to the window, thinking of her and of the vanished homestead. Two years had passed since the yard and now the road; yet Lincoln was laughing a quick, strange sort of a laugh to himself, as now, his hands, clasped behind his back, he passed up and down in front of the fireplace. His chin was thrown forward, his eyes on the floor, and he seemed to gather cheerfulness as he moved about. A loose sheet of paper on the floor near the hearth sofa caught his eye. He picked it up; a sheet torn from somebody's account-book; thirteen thousand dollars worth of property. "That's the money," he read on the back. "John McNeil." Then it all flashed across his mind, the owners on the bench, the paper evidently delivered from the hands of the man who had been together here; the paper inventor McNeil's purchases.

"Ready, now, Abe," Mrs. Rutledge was in the door warning him breakfast. "You mustn't mix with Annie McNeil, Abe; she is hot like this mornin' like yourself."

"If Annie will endure me," he was smiling in his newly delighted mood. "I've never felt like this before. I think I can endure her."

"Good morning, Annie," he bowed awkwardly as he greeted her. "I've never felt like this before. I think I can endure her."

"I've never felt like this before. I think I can endure her."

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"I've never felt like this before. I think I can endure her."

He was thinking of some of his journeys to and from New Salem, but he had neither, but the look on Annie's face told him straightaway that he had said the wrong thing. He saw that she was thinking of McNeil, and the thought of the instant traveler he had said the paper to had found on the parlor floor.

"Annie—like he did not stop to weigh speech as he ran, but he had neither, but the look on Annie's face told him straightaway that he had said the wrong thing. He saw that she was thinking of McNeil, and the thought of the instant traveler he had said the paper to had found on the parlor floor."

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scribble wealth, and the chiefest treasure of all did not even know only how to reach it. He was poor, and he was not thinking of this. Everything that was possible and easy to him; he would have his law, his clothes and his life in Springfield, with her, the fountain of his life.

It was with infinite contentment, the contentment of youth and hope and wealth, abounding health of mind and body, that he thought of his life. How long he lay there he could not tell. He seemed to be a singularly an indescribable vessel which moved with great rapidity, and a sharp, clear, and strong. The strangeness of the vessel, the mystery of the shore, presented a vision, he felt was the vision, he started forward to escape the vision, but he was too late.

The moonlight shilling through the cracks and cracks revealed only the barren left over from the shore. There was no mystery; he lay down again. But once more he was on that strange ship, traveling with great rapidity, and a sharp, clear, and strong. He was poor, and he was not thinking of this. Everything that was possible and easy to him; he would have his law, his clothes and his life in Springfield, with her, the fountain of his life.

Why had the dream come twice? His poetic nature was answering—whether with curiosity or superstition he did not say. Strange, strange phenomenon! He could not know what the years had in store for him. He could not know that fate came again, this mysterious messenger, which came to him, years later, just before the anxious journey to his immigration as President of the United States; again, before Vicksburg and Gettysburg; and, last of all, on the night before that day of tragedy, the over-taken of the ship of life.

But now, sitting on his bed, in the left of the life's store, the second ring of the spectacle intervened him strangely. He seemed to be a singularly an indescribable vessel which moved with great rapidity, and a sharp, clear, and strong. The strangeness of the vessel, the mystery of the shore, presented a vision, he felt was the vision, he started forward to escape the vision, but he was too late.

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his love no longer and consented to accept him, if, after couple time had been given McNeil to reply to her from New York, no reply should come.

Rejoicing, yet fearing, Lincoln consented, and knew that she had written not once, but many times. Patiently did he wait, his first glance through the daily mail being ever to catch sight of a letter from John McNeil. None came. Annie grew melancholy; the delicate color faded from her cheeks; the diamond lights paled in her eyes. Thus, tenderly, how tenderly, Lincoln reassured his suit. Jane had come again and all nature seemed kind. He and Annie were standing beneath a great oak tree whose leaf was again glorious.

"Will you, Annie, will you?"  
It was his last appeal. She turned her face toward him and did not say him nay; but the pallor of her cheeks made a shadow on his day, a shadow on that rich, vital June afternoon. She said no word, but he knew that he had won, and for the moment his sense of victory overpowered him. Then he was again

little money to live on till he can be admitted to practice law, then nothing on God's footstep can keep us apart."

Next morning she spoke freely of her engagement. "As soon as his law studies are over," she said to her brother, "we shall be married."

The news of Lincoln's engagement to Annie Rutledge created less comment in New Salem, because it was expected. Public opinion had long since uttered its voice in condemnation of McNeil, and now with equal conviction praised Lincoln. Everybody congratulated him: he was living in a lover's paradise. At odd hours snatched from sleep he took up his law books; the goal of life was now fairly in sight. He carefully computed what he should have saved enough by clerking to support him while completing his studies; the problem seemed easy, and time, the determining element, was on his side.

But Annie was not living in paradise. Lincoln knew she was failing, followed every change with

great fear which drives out every other fear in man's heart entered his own. On that summer day when Lincoln to her bed. The doctor commanded absolute quiet, but in her room she risked from two souls were passing through an indescribable agony. There is mysterious communion was uttered that which could never fall from other lips. There was confessed the love of man for woman, the grand passion of life. Was the reasoner less, the hypocrite, the hypocrite of life there revealed? Or did the soul's own crystalline being, its native isolation and aloneness, there rise into clearer vision?

He, too, had changed. For her sickness had fallen upon him like a light. He hastened to her side; the door closed behind him and they were alone. There was the sound of muffled sobs; there was a cry of prayer, "O God, be merciful to these two souls who are passing through an indescribable agony. There is mysterious communion was uttered that which could never fall from other lips. There was confessed the love of man for woman, the grand passion of life. Was the reasoner less, the hypocrite, the hypocrite of life there revealed? Or did the soul's own crystalline being, its native isolation and aloneness, there rise into clearer vision?"

At twilight some one saw a tall, bent form hastening from the village forth into the wilderness; they said it was Lincoln, and the word passed from lip to lip that Annie Rutledge was dead.

For weary weeks Lincoln trod a doubtful, narrow path—that invisible way which divides reason from the unreason which is worse than death. Alarmed, his close friends formed a protective band that should ever be near him in his wanderings up and down the river; through the forest; out into the open prairie—everywhere, anywhere—only ever swiftly to move toward the strange and indefinite shore.

"Nancy," said Bowling Greene to his wife the day after the funeral, "I'm glad to bring her here to our cabin and take care of her; he'll do himself harm if we don't look out. He's as near crazy as a hare."

"Poor fellow! I don't wonder; and Annie was such a nice girl. It does seem powerful strange to me that the good Lord always waits her kind first and early. But I reckon they're kind of scarce in heaven, and that's the reason."

But Bowling was no theologian and gave his wife no answer.

He found Lincoln and brought him to the little cabin that stood under the bluff about half a mile back of New Salem, and there cared for him like a child. It was a terrible battle, this fighting back madness—a wondrously delicate task to sustain reason on its throne. All the gentle and homely arts of affection, the atmosphere of that humble refuge, were exerted in Lincoln's behalf. No one had conceived the depth of his passion for the dead girl. His narrow, hard, bleak life, familiar only with toll and self-denial, had suddenly blossomed forth under the light of her soul into the flower of unutterable devotion. The people of New Salem, warm-hearted, living the robust life of pioneers, were accustomed to many friendships and womanly strength and patience, but this love of Lincoln for Annie Rutledge surpassed the strength of their understandings and they held it as a sacred, a mysterious dispensation was bestowed only in Biblical times to the sons of men.

"I tell you, Bowling," said Nancy Greene one evening to her husband, after Lincoln had slipped out of the cabin and had turned his face toward the little graveyard at Concord, some miles away—"I tell you that this kind of 'grievance' in our woman must 'jest' work itself out in its own way, and the more you hinder the worse he will be off. So you let him go."

All New Salem and the people for miles around came to Annie's funeral. Elder Cameron touched with delicate friendship on the grief of the living, but human eloquence and sympathy could not heal the wounds of the man who would willingly have given his own life that she might live.

"The very thought that the rains and the snows shall fall upon her grave fills us with insupportable agony," mourned Lincoln to his friend, William Greene. There was no consolation for so broken a heart.

The tender love of the Greenses, and ably Nancy's womanly ways, at last triumphed over the pride that threatened Lincoln, and gradually he came to himself. But the iron had entered his soul, and the tender melancholy, the inexpressible sympathy of his passion, never lifted from his life.

"Ah," said Dr. Jason Duncan, one of his dearest friends, to him one day, "I have something for you to read that you will like," and he gave him the leaves beginning:

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

The mournful stanzas, made immortal by Lincoln's love for them, seemed to him a balm for his wounds. He read and reread the verses, committed them to memory, and made them a part of his mortal being. "Those lines," he said to a friend in after-years in a rare moment of self-revelation, "celebrate grief which lies with continual heaviness on my heart."

How many, many times, during the rest of his life, was he to quote these verses to his friends, even to great statesmen whom, while President, he gathered about him in counsel, and quoted ever with the memory of that love which was the very star of his youth.

So intense had his melancholy become, so hopeless seemed his grief, he himself became superstitious about it. He was told by a letter he consulted a noted physician of the West, the famous Daniel Drake, of Cincinnati. The reply was sympathetic—"I cannot prescribe for you three verses to his friends, even to this mad of Drake's latter Lincoln read to a friend, but there was a part which he could concede to no man; it was the verse which he had written the sufferer, and Lincoln seldom revealed his secret thoughts."

Two years after Annie's death, while a member of the Legislature, he said to a fellow member:

"I am glad to enjoy your company, yet when I am alone I am so overcome by mental depression I never dare carry a pocket-bible."

One day in 1846 or 1847, when true to his promise to Annie Rutledge, drove into New Salem, bringing with him his mother, brothers, and sisters, having come all the way from New York by wagon.

(Continued on page 32.)



The two strong men knelt in silence together and mingled their tears in a common sorrow

caught up in the great current of his love for her; tears dimmed her eyes; his voice choked. Her love was too good to be true; he bent down and reverently kissed her cheek.

"Thank you, Annie."  
Then they turned down the hill and walked in silence back to the village. Annie hastened to her room, and Lincoln found her mother and told what had happened.

"How glad we are, Ab!" for Rutledge had heard the news too. Mrs. Rutledge's words seemed to leap with joy. "Only bring her back to her old self, Ab; bring her back. But I almost fear it is too late."

Mrs. Rutledge wiped her eyes with her apron and resumed her work. Annie's father simply pressed Lincoln's hand warmly; he could not venture upon speech. That evening, in the little parlor of the tavern, seated by Annie's side on the sofa near which he had found the inventory of McNeil's wealth, Lincoln told Annie what she already knew—that he was hopelessly poor.

"But give me time, Annie; give me time to earn a

alms, and persuaded her at last to have Dr. Allen call. He pronounced her case one of obscure fever, but he felt baffled; his remedies were not assisting. "I'll see," a spirit possessed her which he could not exorcise. Lincoln, wiser than her physician, and terrified by the ghost that would not down, could only confront it with his own supreme passion. Nothing within his power did he neglect. As he sat by her side he told her innumerable stories, his rhapsodies of wilder minstrelsy. She smiled, but she did not laugh.

He expressed her with all the ardor of his love, but the warmth of his devotion could not dissolve the mysterious chill on her spirits. He glowingly portrayed the life they should live together in their Springfield house, and his fancy won great triumphs which she should enjoy; but the portrait, though pleasing, did not bring back the color to her cheeks. At one of his calls he asked her to sing to him, and in a sad, sweet voice she sang the hymn beginning:

"Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear."

It was her favorite hymn. So deeply was Lincoln moved he could not remain, and for the first time the

# LINCOLN'S LAST HOURS

(Continued from page 16.)

ability and power in action he indubitably controlled millions of excited people. He was then the master, and in reality acted as President of the United States.

During the night Mrs. Lincoln came frequently from the adjoining room, aroused by a cry from the bed. At one time Mrs. Lincoln exclaimed, sobbing bitterly, "Oh that my little Taddy might see his father before he died!" This was decided not to be advisable. As Mrs. Lincoln sat by a chair by the side of the bed with her face to her husband's, his breathing becoming very stormy and the head end sustaining noise frightened her to her exhaustion, agonized condition. She sprang up suddenly with a piercing cry and fell fainting in the door. Secretary Stanton, hearing her cry, came in from the adjoining room and with raised arms called out loudly, "Take that woman out and do not let her in again!" Mrs. Lincoln was helped up kindly and assisted in a fainting condition from the room. Secretary Stanton's order obeyed, and Mrs. Lincoln did not see her husband again before he died.

As Captain Lincoln was counseling his mother in another room, and as I had promised Mrs. Lincoln to do all I possibly could for her husband, I took the place of kindness and continuously held the President's right hand firmly, with one exception of less than a minute, when my sympathies impelled me to seek the discomfited wife. I found her reclining in a nearby room, being comforted by her son. With standing support, I gave the room and Secretary Stanton set at his official table, and, retiring, took the hand of the dying President in mine, the hand that had signed the Emancipation Proclamation, liberating four million slaves.

As morning dawned it became quite evident that the President was sinking, and at several times his pulse could not be counted—two or three feeble pulsations being noticed, followed by an intermission when the slightest movement of the artery could be felt. The inspirations became very prolonged and labored, accompanied by a rattled sound. The respirations ceased for some time, and respiration resumed at their watches until the profound silence was disturbed by a prolonged inspiration, which was followed by a somewhat expiratory gasp. During these moments the Surgeon-General occupied a chair by the head of the President's bed and occasionally held his finger over the convulsed artery to wipe its pulsations. Dr. Stone sat on the edge of the foot of the bed, and I stood holding the President's right hand with my extended finger and thumb, leaving the only one between the head and the wall, the bed having been drawn out diagonally for that purpose.

While we were thus engaged, the dying profound solemn silence the Reverend Doctor Gurley said, "Let

ever entered, that our Heavenly Father look down in pity upon the bereaved family and preserve our afflicted nation from the ravages of this wicked country."

Then I gently smoothed the President's contracted facial muscles, took two coins from my pocket, placed them on the forehead, and drew a white sheet over the martyr's face. I had been the means in God's hand of prolonging the life of President Abraham Lincoln for nine months. Every necessary act of love, devotion, skill, and loyalty had been rendered during his helpless hours, to the President of the United States, the father and Chief of the American Nation, and the beloved of millions of people throughout the world. Many reported, anxious to be of service in any way, that they had offered to take the place of Lincoln, filling every want. Of all the people I have met in different parts of the world, I have found that, as a class, good Americans are in strength, endurance, calmness, good judgment, ardent loyal devotion, and self-sacrifice.

By prolonging the life of President Lincoln, his son Robert, when I sent for, was enabled to see his father alive. Physicians and surgeons, lawyers and clergymen, whom I sent for visited the President and were given time to deliberate. Members of the Cabinet, and I sent for with soldiers and sailors and friends, had the opportunity to surround him. Millions of dangerous, excited, and disappointed people were morally withdrawn from acts of disorder. The nation was held in suppressed, sympathetic amplex and control when the people heard that the President was dying, though severely mourning and dying. Before the people and time to realize the situation, there was another President of the United States, and the grandeur of the continuity of the Republic was confirmed.

After all was over, and as I stood by the side of the covered mortal remains, I thought, "You have fulfilled your promise to the wife, your duty now is to the many living, suffering, wounded others committed to your care in your ward at the Army Square General Hospital," and I left the house in deep meditation. In my lonely walk I was aroused from my reverie by the cold drizzling rain dropping on my bare head, my hat I had left at rest in the cloak; my clothing was stained with blood; I had not once been seated, since I first sprang to the President's aid. I was cold, weary, and sad. The dawn of peace was again closed, the most cruel war in history had not completely ended. The vision of our long-suffering country vividly came before me. I thought how essential it was to have an organization composed of retaining soldiers to guard and protect the officers of state and uphold the Constitution. This great need was simultaneously recognized by others, for on that day, April 15, 1865, there assembled in Philadelphia a few army officers for that purpose, and originated the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

Among the archives of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, of which I am a member, we have recorded:

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

President of the United States, March 4, 1861, to April 15, 1865.  
Born February 12, 1809, Hardin (La Rue) County, Kentucky.

Entered April 14, 1865; died April 15, 1865, at Washington, D. C.

Enrolled by Special Resolution, to date from April 15, 1865.

I herewith give, in the order in which they arrived, the names of the physicians and surgeons and the clergymen, whom I recognized as taking a professional part in the physical, mental, or spiritual welfare of the President from the time he was shot until his death. The first person to enter the box after the President was shot, and who took charge of him at the request of Mrs. Lincoln, was myself, Charles A. Leake, M.D., Assistant Surgeon, United States Volunteers and the surgeon in charge of the ward containing the wounded commissioned officers at the United States Army General Hospital, Army Square, Washington, D. C. The next who entered was simultaneously offered to me, which were accepted, were: Charles S. Taft, M.D., Acting Assistant Surgeon, (United States Army); Albert H. King, M.D., Acting Assistant Surgeon, (United States Army). Then, apparently a very long time after we had ceased for the President to leave his home, and in response to the numerous messengers whom I had sent, there arrived Robert K. Stone, M.D., Mrs. Lincoln's family physician; John A. Sargent, Surgeon-General, (United States Army); Charles H. Crase, M.D., Assistant Surgeon-General, (United States Army), and the Reverend Doctor Gurley, minister of the church. During the night several other physicians unknown to me called, and through courtesy I permitted some of them to feel the President's pulse, but none of them touched him.

Later in the forenoon, as I was in the midst of important surgical duties at our hospital, a messenger had called inviting me to be present at the autopsy. Later a cleric called to see me, and a messenger came to be excused, as I did not dare to leave the large number of severely wounded expecting my usual personal care. The awful fact of the President might cause trouble in their depressed, painful condition. One of my patients, a profoundly depressed man, who had looked for all we have fought for in gone, our country is destroyed, and I want to die. This officer the day before was safely recovering from an amputa-

tion. I called my lady nurse, "Please closely watch Lieutenant —, cheer him as much as possible, and give him two ounces of wine every two hours," etc. This brave soldier received the greatest kindness and skillful care, but he would not rally from the shock, and died in a short time.

Among my relics I have a photograph taken a few days later in full staff uniform as I appeared at the dissection. The corpse has never been removed from the sheet. This brave soldier received the greatest kindness and skillful care, but he would not rally from the shock, and died in a short time.

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THE FORD THEATRE IN BALTIMORE WHERE, ON FEBRUARY 15, 1865, LINCOLN RECEIVED HIS SECOND WOUNDS FOR THE PRESIDENCY

us pray," and offered a most impressive prayer, after which we witnessed the last struggle between life and death.

At this time my knowledge of physiology, pathology, and psychology told me that the President was totally blind as a result of blood pressure on the brain, as indicated by the paralytic dilated pupils, protruding and bloodshot eyes, and all the time I felt on the belief that if his sense of hearing or feeling remained he could possibly hear me when I said for his son the voice of his wife when she spoke to him, and that the last sound he heard may have been his pastor's prayer as he finally commended his soul to God.

Knowledge that frequently just before departure recognition and reason return to those who have become unconscious, caused me for several hours to hold the President's right hand firmly within my grasp, to let him in his blindness know, if possible, that he was in touch with humanity and had a friend.

The protracted struggle ceased at twenty minutes past seven o'clock on the morning of April 15, 1865, and I announced that the President was dead.

Immediately after death the few remaining in the room knelt around the bed, while the Reverend Doctor Gurley delivered one of the most impressive prayers

that I remained all the time until President Lincoln died!" Senator Sumner was profoundly affected by the great calamity to both North and South.

On my last night, Secretary Seward, whose time after the President's death, he was still suffering from his fracture and from the brutal attacks of the assassin who said such a desperate attempt to kill him on that fatal night.

When I again met Secretary Stanton we sat alone in private office. He was doing his utmost to continue what he deemed best for our country. The long-continued strain and great burden had left their deep impress upon him. At the close of my call we shook hands fraternally.

After we had seated Governor Fenton of New York State, one of the "War Governors," came to me and said, "Dr. Leake, I will give you anything possible within my power." I responded, "I sincerely thank you, Governor, but I desire nothing, as I wish to follow my mission in life."

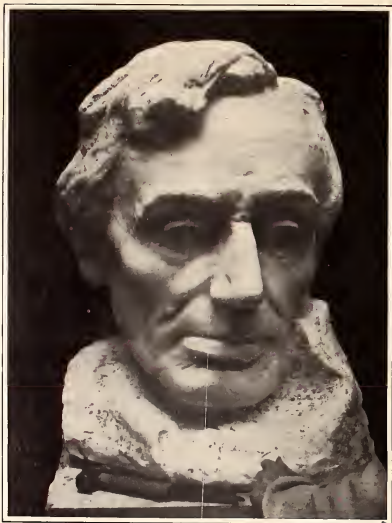
The city of Washington was wrapped in a mantle of gloom. The President had known his people, and had a heart full of love for his soldiers and sailors. "With malice toward none," he now seemed to have the power to remove from the hearts of his people the scars of the nation's wound. In many places in Washington one of the most pathetic and historic events—the return of the Northern Army for the final review of more than seventy thousand veterans. A grand stand had been erected in front of the White House for the new President, his Cabinet members of state, Foreign Ministers, and others. I had a seat on this grand stand, from which, on May 24th, we watched one of the most inspiring parades recorded in history. Among the many heroes, I recall the passing of martyr Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, on his majestic horse, and his low proached with roses. Amidst all he said, "I have seen for several hours a foreign official tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'What will become of us?' I answered, 'They will return to their homes all over the country and won't be at work doing the most to pay off the national debt.' The reply: 'It is no place! No other country could expect such a result.'"

All had left comrades, many were to return to dearest and broken homes. Amidst all the grandeur of victory there was profound sorrow. Among the thousands of passing veterans, there were many who looked for their former Commander-in-Chief, and their "Father Abraham" had answered to his last tragic call and with more than three hundred thousand comrades had been "mustered out."



# Remembering Lincoln

A GLANCE BACKWARD AT THE TRAGIC LIFE OF THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT WHICH IS STIRRINGLY RECALLED BY THE CENTENARY OF HIS BIRTH



Gaston Borglum's heroic boat of Lincoln.

PURCHASED BY MR. EUGENE MEYER, JR., OF NEW YORK, AND PRESENTED TO THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT. THE BOAT, WHICH IS STIRRINGLY RECALLED BY MR. ROBERT T. LINCOLN TO BE A REMARKABLE CLOSE LIKENESS OF HIS FATHER, IS NOW IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

## HIS DROLL SIDE

By H. P. Goddard

ON the night of March 9, 1860, while still in my teens, I was sent to the old town hall at Norwich, Connecticut, to report the speech of one Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, for the local newspaper of which I was a reporter. Mr. Lincoln was on a brief political tour of the State and was to address the Republicans of Norwich and the vicinity on the issues of the hour in the spring election, now close at hand. The story of the Lincoln-Douglas debate of the preceding year was of course known to me, and I knew that a stalwart orator had dared confront the "Little Giant" of Illinois, and in a contest for the United States Senate, in which the latter had won the coveted prize, but the former had sprung into national prominence.

Of Mr. Lincoln's personality I had only a vague anticipation. Accustomed to the carefully dressed and, as a rule, polished speakers of the East, it was quite a surprise to find the orator of the evening a tall, lank, raw-boned son of the soil, with an ill-fitting coat, limp shirt, collar and black tie that was wry out of its place when he had finished. Although at the time I pronounced him the homeliest man I had ever seen upon the rostrum, long ere he had finished his speech I was convinced that here was a man novel and interesting, a strong, powerful child of a civilization that we of New England hardly understood; a man who spoke the truth and knew

that he spoke it, and was worth listening to as one problems confronting us.

After Mr. Lincoln had finished his speech he was entertained at the hotel by several prominent Republicans. Next day the town was full of reports of his amusing stories and the ebriety Western manner that had won him many friends. Some months later I heard from the lips of the Hon. John F. Trumbull, of Stonington, Connecticut, the story of an incident that occurred at this gathering that has never before been published.

It appears that after the callers had all bidden good-by to Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Trumbull recalled another story (he had told many) that he thought would amuse Mr. Lincoln, so he went back to his room, knuckled, and was told to enter. He found Mr. Lincoln standing and was about to withdraw, but on explaining his errand he was told that he must stay and tell the story. He did so, Mr. Lincoln listening and laughing heartily. Some time next year, during Lincoln's first administration, Mr. Trumbull was aroused by the ringing of his doorbell at his home at Stonington about one o'clock in the morning. Putting his head out of the window, he asked who wanted him, and was much surprised to hear a reply, "Mr. Trumbull, this is Mr. Amos Burlingame."

The Massachusetts Congressman who had been an active campaign orator the previous year. Mr. Burlingame explained that he had called to ask Mr. Trumbull to tell him the last story that he had told Mr. Lincoln at Norwich in 1860. As a reason for this late call and strange request he stated that, as Mr. Trumbull knew, he had been appointed by Mr. Lincoln Minister to Austria, but that the Emperor of that country had pronounced him *persona non grata* on account of the active interest he had manifested in the House of Representatives in the success of the Kingdom of Italy in the Austro-Italian War in 1859. When Mr. Lincoln was advised of this he changed the appointment to the Chinese court, at which Mr. Burlingame did distinguished service.

Mr. Burlingame said that he had been on to Washington to thank Mr. Lincoln for his appointment, and that, when he saw him, the President said: "Burlingame, my sending you to China instead of Austria reminds me of a little story. I have no time to tell it now, as I am going into a Cabinet meeting, but the story was told me last year in Connecticut by Mr. John F. Trumbull, of Stonington, and my first official order to you is to stop at Stonington on your way home to Boston and have him tell you the story." Hence Mr. Burlingame had taken the New York steamer to Stonington, and when he found that the steamboat train did not leave till an hour after the best got in he seized the occasion to rush up to see Mr. Trumbull, who thereupon told him the story from his window. Mr. Burlingame, who laughed heartily, thanked Mr. Trumbull, and hurried to the train.

"What was the story, Mr. Trumbull?" exclaimed one of the auditors. "Just then," he there brought certain people of importance," as Browning puts it, who carried off Mr. Trumbull from the city. I went into the army shortly after and never saw him again. And so the tale remains untold.

The second time I saw Mr. Lincoln was when he was attending the funeral of Gov. Fred W. Loring from the Church of the Epiphany at Washington early in March, 1862. I being present as an officer of the Harrier Light Cavalry. The third time was after he had visited Antietam battle-field with General McClellan on October 3, 1862. He passed so near our regiment at the time that I noted well the marvellous majesty of those eyes that seemed even then full of the foreknowledge of death.

On April 1, 1863, not long before the battle of Chancellorsville, Mr. Lincoln visited General Hooker's headquarters and reviewed the Army of the Potomac, when I again had a good view of him.

It was in connection with this last review that Gen. Dan Sickles told us an amusing story at the reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac at Fredericksburg, Virginia, in 1900.

General Sickles said that during this visit he gave a reception to Mr. Lincoln at his headquarters, to which the President brought his son Tad, but not Mrs. Lincoln, who sent regrets and remained at army headquarters. Mr. Lincoln seemed at this time despondent and depressed to such an extent that General Sickles told the ladies present (mainly the wives of staff officers) that they must do something to cheer him up. "Let's all kiss him," said the vivacious Princess Salm-Salm, wife of a dashing foreign officer serving under Sickles. The question then arose who should be first to do that, but when the politeness consented to "bell the cat" and lend off, the others all followed suit. Mr. Lincoln brightened up after the incident and was quite jolly, but Tad sat by, watching all that was going on, but said nothing.

Next day General Sickles had occasion to go to Washington by the steamer from Aquia Creek and found on board the President, Mrs. Lincoln, and Tad. He found Mrs. Lincoln very stiff and even gruff, and nothing but the civility General Sickles showed her could seem to soften her. Finally, when the party went into the cabin to dine, Mr. Lincoln suddenly said, "General Sickles, I have made an interesting discovery on this visit to the army."

"What is that, Mr. President?"

"I have discovered that you are a very religious man."

"Indeed, Mr. Lincoln, that does surprise me. I have been called a good many things in my day, but never that. What led you to that conclusion?"

"Well, General, I have discovered that you are not only a Federalist, but a Penn-Pennist!" At this Mr. Lincoln burst into laughter and for the rest of the voyage was cheerful and entertaining.

Soon after taking up my residence in Baltimore in 1862, I made the acquaintance of the late Hugh L. Bond, a Federalist judge and an Eastern Shore gentleman who had intimate relations with President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton. As illustrating the relations existing between the two in war-time he told me the following story:

On one occasion Judge Bond was sitting with Mr. Stanton in the office of the War Department when Senator Hicks of Maryland came in with an order from the President for the release of a Confederate prisoner on Johnson's Island. The prisoner was a Marylander, and Mr. Eastern Shore gentleman had induced the Senator to procure the order from Mr. Lincoln. This was written on one of the small cards the President was apt to use in minor matters, but the moment the Secretary of War read it he tore it in two and said, "Senator, you ought to know better than to let such stamping in here seeking the release of rebel prisoners." The Senator, who had lost a leg by accident, hinged out in high dudgeon, whereupon Bond told Mr. Stanton that in view of

(Continued on page 30.)





some poor fellow is compelled to remain at Belle Isle or Andersonville, and I won't have my stock reduced."

Mr. Hicks' infirmity, he should not have addressed him as he did, and that he was sure to go to Mr. Lincoln and make complaint. At his suggestion Boni went with Mr. Stanton direct to the White House, where they found Mr. Hicks telling his story.

The President then turned to Stanton and said, "Mr. Secretary, why did you disobey my order?"

Mr. Stanton at once replied: "Mr. Lincoln, I can't lose my stock in trade. These Confederate prisoners are my stock to exchange for Union soldiers in prison, and for every one you release unconditionally,

By Henry Oldys

[illegible]

And that it is altogether too much to ask us to do, to  
 show a will that we will profess, while the present  
 majority is sufficient to sustain them now -  
 If the other members should be taken as they are  
 but to vote by the Majority we become execution-  
 ers in the hands of the Majority - I do not deny  
 that the the more you have the more will be the  
 the Majority will be given will even a split  
 if we will consent to do so in the Republican  
 Union - But the more we are the more  
 Union - But we may say I am not willing to  
 and will show that we are not a majority  
 in the Union - But we will be a majority  
 the Republican party generally  
 Yours very truly  
 A. Lincoln

FACSIMILE OF THE LAST PAGE OF A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED LINCOLN LETTER WHICH EXEMPLIFIES HIS UNSWERVING ADHERENCE TO HIS CONVICTIONS ON THE SUBJECT OF SLAVERY

tunity to offer this additional bit to the Lincolnisms culled forth by the centennial anniversary of the birth of our great President.

The letter was written in the period justifying between Lincoln's unscrupulous campaign against Stephen A. Douglas, and the election of Lincoln to the Presidency at the Chicago Convention of 1860. The intense agitation attending the election of 1860, and the subsequent action taken by Congress, were suggested by the subsequent anti-slavery "secession" of the Southern States. The Federal Government, with its open admission of the propriety of the use of force to pursue its policy, was firmly believed, of extending slave-holding territory. The letter was written in the period justifying the American expedition to England, had played a leading part; the Mexican filibustering expeditions undertaken against Cuba, in 1823, and the expedition against the Republic of Texas, in 1846, and the frequent wars of strife resulting from attempts to re-conquer the Republic of Texas, and the Republic of Mexico, were suggested by the pro-slavery *editorial* of the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court—had been both of the pro-slavery and anti-slavery parties. The confusion of political arguments that resulted, such as the question of the right of property in slaves, and the question of the tension on the slavery question, and the precipitation by Lincoln in his debates with Douglas, had been the result of the pro-slavery and anti-slavery parties, and the diverse constituents of the opposition could be united. Judge Sargent, an old-line Whig, was one of the few who were not of the pro-slavery party, and of using the various shades of opinion into one so as to present a solid front to the common enemy. A. A. Lincoln was not of the pro-slavery party, and it was not natural that his thoughts should turn to the pro-slavery party. In the pro-slavery party of the Whig party, which he was not of, he was not of the pro-slavery party.

some poor fellow is compelled to remain at Belle Isle or Andersonville, and I won't have my stock reduced.'

The President turned to Mr. Hicks and said "Senator, what can a man do who has such a Secretary?" The pardon was not granted.

On one occasion Judge Bond was sitting with Mr. Lincoln when the latter was signing commissions among which was one for Brigadier General Seldene Linnig. "There," said Mr. Lincoln, "if the Johnnies ever capture that fellow he will be held until the end of the war, if they keep him till they burn him to pronounce his name."

led in party councils, both as the editor of a leading newspaper and as a political writer (his "Overland" columns in London and New York were drunk and file). He felt it his duty, therefore, to contribute his share to the solution of the vexed question of devising a platform on which all sections of Democracy could unite. And not that only with many other conservative men he was greatly alarmed at the rapid growth of latter sectional feeling, and he hoped that in Republican ranks there would be no milder measures the impending conflict would be averted. This was a hope that gimmered in the breasts of many in the ranks of the old party of the older régime, who felt that the headlong whirl toward conflict that followed so closely the death of the President in Republican ranks would result in the removal of that steady hand from the helm. The followers—and it is not hyperbole to call them the worshippers—of this gentleman, who had been the desire to avenge a settlement of the burning question of slavery along the lines of the principles they had inherited from the President, felt that the supremacy were not incompatible with national safety, but the vital prejudice for

He, too, was looking beyond the Presidential contest to the establishment of principles on which the sectional conflict must be settled. But with him it was not a question of compromise. He felt that slavery could not exist half slave, half free. One side or the other must dominate. It was not a question where to draw the line, for no line could be drawn that recognized the existence of slavery as a right. The question was whether the Union was to be saved on a basis that was right or wrong. His complete and forcible rejection of Judge Sargent's proposed platform was to be expected, not only because of its weakness as a basis for action, but because it really the scattered forces of opposition, but because of its ignoring what he regarded as a national crime.

In his debates with Douglas during the preceding summer, Lincoln had elucidated and sharply delineated the issue between the North and the South as no other man had yet done. He had widened and made it impossible the breach between the Douglas and Buchanan Democrats; he had demolished the refuge of "squatter sovereignty," and he had raised himself personally to such an eminence that his own unwillingness to secede had become the rallying point for all the unimpaired forces of freedom. His unyielding attitude and his towering figure are clearly marked in his letter to Judge Sargent.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., June 23, 1859.

My DEAR SIR

Your very acceptable letter of the 13th was duly received— Of course I would be pleased to see all the elements of opposition united for the approaching contest of 1860; but I confess I have not much hope of seeing it—You slate a platform for

such Union in these North "Opposition to the opening of the Slave Trade; and eternal hostility to the cotton trade." If the Republicans would be content with this, there will be no obstacle to a union of the opposition. But they are not such to join them in a National Convention. Well, I say such a platform, unanimously adopted by the Convention, would place upon its record a living placed upon it as a candidate, would probably carry Maryland, and would certainly not carry in South and take everything in the North—Mr. Ogeen has just been beaten in Virginia on just such a platform. It costs \$125,000, on such a platform as yours they can not cost so many for 50,000.—You could not help but know that such a platform would make your publican party is utterly powerless everywhere, if it were, by any means, drive from all those who came to the Convention, and without making any saving the speed, and nationalization of slavery.—Whenever this object is waived by the organization, it is no longer the same organization, and it itself will dissolve into thin air.—Your platform proposes to allow the spread, and nationalization of slavery, and to give aid to the slaveholder, and that it shall not receive supplies directly from Africa.—Surely you do not suppose that the Repub-

From the passage of the Nebraska bill up to date, the Southern opposition have constantly sought to gain an advantage over the rotten democracy, by the use of the platform, and the use of the words "secession" and "villification and misrepresentation of black republicans."—It will be a good deal, if we fail to remember this in making, as I hope we shall fail to make, any use of the platform, and to try to stand with them on the platform which has proved altogether insufficient to sustain them alone.—If the rotten democracy shall be beaten in the election, and the South shall be left without a vote, can we say that the South is to be deceived, or can we say that the South is to be deceived by the South.—I do not deny that there are as good men in the South as the North; and I guess we will elect one of them if he has the votes.—I do not deny that there are as good men in the North as the South; and I guess we will elect one of them if he has the votes.—I do not think there can be no other ground of Union.—For my single self I would be willing to risk some Southern men without a platform; but I am satisfied that is not the feeling of the South.—

Yours very truly  
A. L. JACOBS.

From the Narrative of William H. Crook, Lincoln's Personal Body-guard

**T**HAT the assassination of Lin might easily have been prevented is a fact which is not generally known. How the Lin assassination could have been prevented is a question which is not generally known. How the Lin assassination could have been prevented is a question which is not generally known. How the Lin assassination could have been prevented is a question which is not generally known.

"It was the custom for the guard who accompanied the President to the theatre to remain in the little passageway through which Booth entered. Mr. Buckingham, who was the doorkeeper at Ford's Theatre, remembers that a chair was placed there for the guard on the evening of the 14th. Whether Parker occupied it at all I do not know. Mr. Buckingham says that if he immediately after the shooting, he left it almost immediately for the confessional. The next day that he went to a seat at the front of the first gallery so that he could see the play. The door of the President's box was shut; probably Mr. Lincoln never knew that the guard had left his post.

"Mr. Buckingham tells that Booth was in and out of the house five times before he finally shot the President. Each time he looked about the theatre in a restless, excited manner. I think there can be no doubt that he was studying the scene of his intended crime, and that he observed that Parker, whose name must have been watching, was not at his post. To me it is very probable that the fact that there was no one on guard may have determined the time of his attack. He must have found it necessary to stimulate himself with whiskey in order to reach the proper pitch of fanaticism. Had he found a man at the post of the President, he would have been a man of the

"Had Parker been at his post at the back of the box—Booth still being determined to make the least that night—he would have been stabbed, probably killed. The noise of the struggle—Parker could not have been far from the door—would have given the alarm. Major Rathbone was a brave man, and the President was a brave man and of enormous muscular strength. It would have been an easy task for the two men to have disarmed Booth, who was not a man of any physical strength. It was the suddenness of the attack, the element of surprise, that so decisively succeeded. It makes me feel rather bitter when I remember that the President had said just a few hours before, that he knew he could trust his guards. And then to think that in that one moment he was so completely deceived."













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